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### THE ODD TRICK LOST.

THERE is an old story of a predatory Scotchman who, being caught by the proprietor on the top of his garden wall, was asked, somewhat peremptorily, where he was going, to which interrogatory he replied, with admirable discretion, "Bock again." What the Opposition were about on Tuesday night is a question on which people may have their own opinions, but the account they will choose to give of it is that they were only going *bock again*. If you chance, while looking into a shop window, to find a gentleman's hand in your pocket, you will always find that in a fit of pure absence of mind it had accidentally strayed into the position in which you have detected it. The injured innocence of the Tory party at the present moment is very much of this description. We are now assured that the Walpole amendment was the most harmless thing in the world—nothing could have been further from the intentions of the little society assembled by Lord Derby than to cause the Government the smallest uneasiness. The determination of Lord Palmerston to treat the matter as a question of confidence was a stale trick and an empty menace. Two days after the discomfiture of the Coalition conspiracy, the *Morning Herald* writes, "The threat of rejecting Mr. Walpole's amendment as one of want of confidence was a most unwarrantable stratagem.

... It was never intended as an expression of want of confidence. Surely there could be no harm in declaring an adhesion to this bold and intelligible financial policy. Undoubtedly it ought not to involve the dissolution of any honest and able Government." This is the language of the retreating Scotchman; but let us see what the same ingenious print said on the morning of the day upon which the success of the Derbyite "plant" was anticipated.

On Tuesday morning, the *Morning Herald*, in contemplation of the success of Mr. Walpole's amendment, writes, "If the Whigs shall feel that it is impossible to hold office after a deliberate condemnation of their policy, we trust the Conservatives will be prepared to accept all the responsibility of their position." The *Standard* of the same date is not less explicit as to its hopes and wishes. "If Mr. Walpole's amendment be carried, as we hope and believe it will be, the country will receive a substantial guarantee for the performance of a specific engagement; and, if there be any limit to the Whig appetite for humiliation, the power to effect retrenchment will pass into the hands of men who will," &c. &c.

We will venture to ask what would have been the language of Tory politicians and Tory journals if Lord Palmerston had accepted a defeat upon his own resolutions, and acquiesced in the success of Mr. Walpole's amendment? How much more should we have heard on the topics of "appetite for humiliation," and "administrations upon sufferance?" It is all very well for Lord Derby to prolong the existence of a precarious ministry by such expedients as were resorted to when Lord Ellenborough was thrown overboard; but Lord Palmerston is not the man to hold office on such terms. The object of the Opposition, whatever they may now find it convenient to pretend, was, if possible, to eject the Government, and, if not, to humiliate them. They have succeeded in neither, and the only result of their ill-judged and discreditable manoeuvre has been to cover themselves with ridicule, and to secure to the object of their attack a brilliant triumph at their expense. Never was there such sport as in the hoisting of Mr. Disraeli with his own petard. The mine which he had so carefully prepared has pre-

maturely exploded, and left his own batteries in ruins and his trenches exposed.

The catastrophe of the monkey, which outlived all the mischief, can give no one any sensation but that of universal satisfaction and amusement. For the poor cat whose paws have been singed in the operation, we confess we reserve a little compassion. Poor Mr. Walpole is the Oliver Twist of the "Old Gentleman's" parlour. His well-meaning innocence is strangely at variance with the parts he is occasionally called upon to play. He is sent out under the auspices of the "Artful Dodger" on a "prigging" expedition, and does not awake to the horror of his position till he finds himself actually guilty of felony. The very excellence of his intentions and simplicity of his character renders him a valuable accessory in a plot where it is necessary to save appearances. He seems to be kept by Mr. Disraeli as an expert housebreaker keeps a small boy to put in at a small hole and open the door for the gang. Even he was found out. The inmates could hardly find it in their hearts to be harsh towards the little innocent offender. It may be asked, if the Opposition were in earnest, why did not Mr. Disraeli move the amendment himself? But this would have been a straightforward proceeding, quite alien to that consummate intriguer's genius. Mr. Disraeli knew very well that in the rank and file of his party there were a large number of respectable, steady-going people, by no means disposed to treat the policy of the country as a mere game for the private advantage of the member for Bucks. Yet in some way or other the support of this distinctly honest section was necessary to the success of his scheme. A decoy duck must be found to lead them into his net. And no duck more attractive than Mr. Walpole could be found for the purpose. He, good easy man, is handed a nice little resolution, which is intended to make things all easy for the Government. He receives with implicit faith the solemn assurance of Lord Derby that he has no thought of making any disturbance; and he trots off like a good little boy to do as he is bid, and carries the lighted match into the powder magazine. And when he starts back, aghast at his own rashness, he is surrounded by the sarcastic exclamations of his confederates, "Oh! ain't he jolly green?"

The course which Lord Palmerston adopted for the defeat of this unworthy manoeuvre was at once the courageous and wise method of meeting it. What might have happened if the Walpole amendment had been persisted in, it is difficult, perhaps, now to decide. On the whole, however, the House of Commons very fairly reflects public opinion, and in some way or other so dirty a proceeding would probably have met the fate it deserved. But even had it been otherwise, and the plot had succeeded, we have no hesitation in saying that the course of Ministers would equally have been the right one. If the Liberal Government was fated to succumb, it could never have fallen in a manner more honourable to itself or more discreditable to its opponents than as the victims of so barefaced a combination as that between Lord Derby and Mr. Bright. The cry for retrenchment may be a very good thing. As our readers know, it is a subject on which we have already, long before this discussion arose, expressed very definite views. But regarded as a party question it is one on which no section of politicians are at liberty to sit in the chair of the censor, or to cast the first stone. While expenditure was supposed to be popular, all parties tried to outbid their rivals in extravagances. Now they imagine economy to be coming into fashion, they fight for the first place on the stool of repentance. Let

them repent by all means if they will, but the conversion of the Tory neophytes is yet too young to permit them to assume at once the function of persecutors.

Mr. Disraeli, with the usual success which attends his ingenious devices, has managed to involve the cause which he has honoured with his support in as much discredit as it was capable of sustaining. Economy is always a good thing, and at this moment retrenchment may be a very necessary one. But Mr. Disraeli, having assumed their championship, has managed to present both the one and the other in a light which must make them odious both to the sympathies and the pride of the English nation. He has laid down, as the first and essential condition of financial reform, the adoption of a policy which has been happily described as "cheap and nasty." Humiliation at home and servility abroad are the terms upon which Mr. Disraeli offers us his budget of retrenchment. We will venture to predict that at this price he will find few bidders in the English nation. In this he is consistent with the whole antecedents of his political career. His scheme is founded on no settled conception of principle or policy; it is a mere temporary device to wound a political adversary and to attach the opposing party. Mr. Disraeli no more believes in Retrenchment than he did in Protection. But he thinks he may make the passions of politicians suit his turn under the one pretence as he did under the other. The consequences of this utter absence of political conviction or even of political sympathies are apparent in the whole of his career. Mr. Disraeli has been now more than a quarter of a century in active political life, and has had in some respects a marvellous personal success, yet, though he has been for years the leader of a powerful party, if he were to die to-morrow he would not leave a name connected with the settlement of any single political question. Lord Grey, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Russell, and Lord Palmerston will all be remembered in connection with the various questions which they have conducted to a successful termination. Of Mr. Disraeli no more memory will remain than of the conjuror who has packed up his tricks when the gaping audience have left the theatre and gone about their usual avocations. This is the style of thing which might amuse a French Chamber, but it does not suit an English Parliament. The House of Commons will cheer the man who treats it to epigrams, but it will only follow the man whom it trusts. It is impossible to trust a man, who, by turns, is ready to profess anything, but who, it is perfectly obvious, in reality does not believe one thing more than another. English interests, foreign affairs, the defence of the country, finance, ecclesiastical establishments, the education of the people—all these are nothing to him but the counters with which he plays his game. They are so many entries in the race, which he backs and "pets" in turn, just as it suits his betting-book.

#### THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE AND HALF-PAY.

HAPPY are those officers who are related to the nobility, and whom accordingly his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge delights to honour. The friendless subaltern, who, in a boyish freak, brings discredit on himself, is compelled to sell out, or else is broken. Far other is the fate that awaits the colonel, whose negligence or incompetence has brought his regiment to the verge of insubordination. He is dismissed to the green pastures of half-pay, and the curtain falls on him to the accompaniment of the softest music which the Horse Guards can provide. It is true that there is a Royal warrant which limits the numbers of those on whom half-pay is to be bestowed; and that no provision is made for the glorification of those brilliant officers who misgovern regiments with *éclat*. The Duke of Cambridge makes no more of this Royal warrant than a boa constrictor would of swallowing a blanket. There must be exceptional cases, says his Royal Highness, holding the Army List in one hand and waving Dod's Peerage in the other. There must be exceptional cases, echoes the Secretary of War, with the air of an historian and philosopher, who remembers both that human nature is frail and that the centurions in the Roman army were appointed partly according to merit, but partly also according to size. It does not do to push a rule to an extreme, repeats a chorus of general officers at Boodle's and White's, and the United Service, and the Portland, looking very solemnly out of their club-windows on the civilians underneath. And all the colonels and lieutenant-colonels and majors, who hang about the Horse Guards and the War Office, and all the friends of Colonel Bentinck, and all their acquaintances in Pall-mall, bow down with one accord and exclaim that his Royal Highness never is in the wrong, and that there are and always will be exceptional cases.

Knowing the constitution and the little weaknesses of the Horse Guards, we are not at all surprised that if there are to be exceptional cases, a gentleman who will some day be Duke of Portland is to be one. The Royal warrant about half-pay should be formally altered to meet these melancholy and inevitable cases of aristocratical misconduct. The Duke of Cambridge is bound to think twice before he damns a person of Colonel Bentinck's quality. The half-pay circle

will be a pleasant one if the system of admission is continued on its present footing. An honourable and reverend academical authority is said to have remarked about one of the celebrities of his university, that he was of stupendous merit but poor extraction. The half-pay list accordingly will contain two classes of officers who must and will be provided for,—those of stupendous merit and poor extraction, and those of poor merit and stupendous extraction. An ordinary person will have to fight his way to it through twenty-five years of hard service, unless he has the luck to be wounded on the battle-field. A nobleman and gentleman has only to misbehave, and he is put upon it at once. The excuse given for this atrocious system by those who are responsible is so remarkable, that it is astonishing how a Liberal House of Commons can tolerate it. It is said that his Royal Highness will never be able to shelve those whom it is desirable to shelve, unless he can shelve them comfortably, and at the public expense. This is the second time that the fine sensibilities of the Duke of Cambridge have been made an excuse for keeping up an abuse. Promotion by merit is not to be sanctioned for fear the Commander-in-Chief should find a difficulty in selecting the proper men to promote. It is now suggested that half-pay is to be employed for softening the fall of those whom his Royal Highness would otherwise feel it disagreeable to cashier. This is consulting the feelings of the Executive with a vengeance. We can quite understand that the first impression of the Horse Guards, on hearing of a gross piece of impropriety among field officers, is, that it is "deuced awkward." The feeling is one which does equal honour to their heads and hearts. But it is not the business of the House of Commons to be tender upon the subject. Pleasant as it is for Colonel Bentinck, if he is to be extinguished, to be extinguished in a shower of gold, and pleasant as it is for everybody to be able to think that his disgrace is made easy to himself and to his relations, we wonder whether the same regard would have been shown for Captain Robertson if the finding of the Dublin court-martial had been confirmed. We have our doubts whether he would have been cushioned so delicately.

It is evident that the military authorities are unwilling to have these jobs—for that is their true name—submitted to the criticism of the House of Commons. General Peel, in a moment of military audacity, avowed as much last Saturday. Parliament, forsooth, is not to interfere within the sacred precincts of the Horse Guards. We never heard of a pretension so untenable, or one which deserves flagellation at the hands of the Liberal party more thoroughly. We should like to know who pays for that expensive functionary, the Duke of Cambridge, and for the organization of the army? It is intolerable that we should be told that the country must find all this money, but must not criticise the manner in which it is spent. Where did General Peel learn this extremely unconstitutional theory? It is of a piece with the assertion that Royal warrants are to be set aside at the pleasure of the War Office. Sir Cornwall Lewis, with proper manliness, has taken the responsibility of the recent decision in Colonel Bentinck's case upon himself. None know better than Sir Cornwall Lewis that it is the duty of the House to watch carefully transactions of this nature; and that he himself must expect to be severely criticised for any way in which he exercises the Royal prerogative. The sympathy which we can give to members of the extreme Radical party is usually limited; but Mr. Coningham's assault upon the War-office deserves the support of all Liberal Members, whether they sit on the ministerial benches or below the gangway. These things ought not to be, and must not be hushed up. Four hundred thousand pounds a year is expended upon the half-pay of the British army. It is not too large a sum to give for rewarding real merit and distinction. But we have no notion of sitting still and seeing it paid over to the Bentincks of the service. Least of all have we any notion of being quieted by any martinet theories that civilians are to hold their tongues.

Everybody knows what putting a future Duke on half-pay really signifies. It means that he is to be kept in otiose retirement till the matter is blown over. Then he will re-appear, in all his glory, on some distant scene, and take the command of some unfortunate division of the British army. As it was with Lord Cardigan—as it was with Windham and Anson,—so it will be with Bentinck. So far from believing that Colonel Bentinck is annihilated, we believe that he will long live, to annihilate perhaps, some day, a brigade or division of his own. When the disorders of the Fourth Dragoons are forgotten, he will come back from the long exile of the whist-tables like Garibaldi from Caprera, and the Duke of Cambridge will no longer blush to think that a member of the aristocracy is wasting his intellect in the inglorious inactivity of club-life. There is nothing that he may not hope. The career of fortune is not closed to him. He may rise to the highest military honours and to many thousand pounds a year. Another Crimean war would bring all these half-pay butterflies upon the stage as radiant and glorious as ever. To such a system as this we appear to be committed, thanks to the basitude of the Liberals. It is idle to propose general resolutions about retrenchment, and to sit still with folded arms when expensive jobs such as Colonel Bentinck's retirement are openly perpetrated and upheld—to their shame be it spoken—by a Liberal Ministry.

## THE LAND TRANSFER BILL.

THE question as to simplifying the Transfer of Land, which has been so often before the public, was once more opened in the House of Commons by the debate on Monday night, on the bill of the Lord Chancellor and the two bills of Lord Cranworth. These bills were all allowed to pass their second reading; but Sir Hugh Cairns made an emphatic protest against several of the main features of that of the Lord Chancellor, and announced his intention of moving, at the next stage of the proceedings, that it be referred to a select committee. Though the effect of this may possibly be to prevent the passing of the measure in the present session, there seem to be good grounds for adopting such a course.

First, here are three bills proposing different plans for effecting the same object. It cannot serve any good purpose to pass them all. The two bills of Lord Cranworth propose to attain the same end as the single bill of the Lord Chancellor. It will produce confusion instead of simplicity to have two modes of obtaining a declaration of title, and two or three modes of preserving a record of it. To pass these conflicting measures would be merely a confession of weakness, and of a want of ability to come to a decision as to the best mode of dealing with this important subject. This is the very case in which reference to a select committee would be desirable, with the view of so combining the provisions of these several bills as to have a single efficient measure. But there is an additional reason for avoiding haste in passing the bill of the Lord Chancellor. If a bill which requires no new machinery for its working turn out a failure, there is no loss incurred, except the addition of a useless Act to the statute-book; but the scheme of the Lord Chancellor requires the appointment of a registrar and a number of subordinate officers, and reasonable care should be taken that the machinery can be worked, before the country is committed to this expense. The suspicions that were at first entertained as to the feasibility of parts of the scheme are confirmed by a further examination of its details; and if these should turn out to be correct, the country would be saddled with a number of new officials for whom there would be no occupation. Nor does the manner in which the Lord Chancellor has thought fit to exercise his patronage under the Bankruptcy Act of last session—particularly in the matter of registrars—encourage the belief that any new patronage will be used for merely public ends.

The evils to be remedied are now so well known from the repeated discussions of the subject, that the public can readily form an opinion how far the scheme of the Lord Chancellor is likely to supply a remedy. Every one is aware that the delay and expense attending every sale and transfer of land form the chief grounds of complaint. The insecurity of title, though often referred to, can hardly be considered as an evil of much moment, as, practically, titles are not insecure. Every one is also aware what is the cause of this expense and delay. It arises from those peculiar legal doctrines which make it necessary for a purchaser to go through a retrospective history of all the dealings with the property for a period of sixty years. Though the unprofessional reader may not enter fully into the reasons that make this tedious historical research a necessary consequence of certain unfortunate rules of equity laid down two or three centuries ago, he knows, as a matter of fact, how it is carried out in practice. Every bit of land has its history recorded in documents written on skins of parchment. As these were intended for keeping and not for reading, a short history or abstract, written in a legible manner, is prepared from them on the occasion of every sale or transfer. This is examined by the purchaser, and compared with the original deeds. Finally, every birth, death, marriage, or other fact stated in the abstract, requires to be proved. Even when a purchaser has thus carried back his investigations to the beginning of the century, and satisfied himself that the title is good, there is no mode of preserving a binding record of the fact; but in every subsequent dealing with the property, though made the very next day, similar expensive and cumbrous investigations must be repeated. The whole of the previous labour is thrown away, and the same tedious process repeated by a different set of persons. It would be difficult to point to any other instance where so great an amount of valuable labour is employed for no good purpose whatever. Though the expense falls immediately on the owners of land, it is the interest of the State that no class should be employed in absolutely unprofitable labour, and it is not surprising that the public should grow tired of this labour of Sisyphus, and begin to exclaim against a system which allows the stone to roll back as soon as it has reached the top.

It is clear that no measure will be of any avail that does not put an end to this retrospective investigation. Yet it is a remarkable fact that every plan proposed previous to 1853 left this evil quite untouched. The favourite scheme was a registry of assurances—that is, of all the deeds and other instruments affecting the title. But this only guarded against the loss or suppression of deeds. The whole process of preparing, examining, and verifying, the abstract would go exactly as before; the only difference being that the history would be prepared from the pages of the register instead of from the original documents. This scheme was finally condemned a few years ago as totally inadequate to supply a remedy for the evils complained of,

and since then attention has been turned to what has been termed a registration of titles. The bill of the Lord Chancellor embraces two quite distinct objects. It provides, in the first place, a mode of examining and declaring the title of an owner of land, and next a mode of recording the result of that investigation, and of the subsequent changes in the title. In theory, the bill is complete. If the machinery will work, the owner of land on the register will be able at any time to go to the registrar and obtain from him a certificate or short statement of the exact state of the existing ownership, which will be conclusive against all the world, and with which a purchaser may therefore safely deal without the necessity of any retrospective investigation. The mode in which it is proposed to work the scheme requires careful examination. The first part, which relates to the declaration of title, has already been adopted in Ireland with the most signal success. The Landed Estates' Court examines the title of any person who makes application to it on an intended sale of his lands, and gives to the purchaser a clear title. By writing his name on a piece of paper, the purchaser has a statutory title against the whole world, thereby doing away with the necessity of any future retrospective investigations above that point. The experience of several years in Ireland shows that this first step is a feasible one, and that even by itself, without any ulterior system of registration, it is most beneficial. But it may well be questioned whether the Lord Chancellor, in borrowing this part of his scheme, has not spoiled it. It is worked in Ireland by means of a judge of authority; it is to be worked in England by a registrar and a number of chief clerks. This machinery is required by the system of registration which forms the other part of his bill; and it is to be feared that, for the sake of this second part of his scheme, which most people now consider impracticable, he has sacrificed the efficiency of the first, the feasibility and advantage of which have been demonstrated by experience.

We have no intention of undervaluing the importance of the object aimed at in the second part of the Lord Chancellor's bill. It is clear, indeed, that any measure which stops at the point attained in Ireland is incomplete. In the course of a few years the title must again become obscure, from the great number of subsequent transactions, and it becomes necessary to carry back the investigation to the point at which the statutory title was conferred. Some mode of registration, by which the record of the title can be kept up, with the view of showing its state at any moment, is necessary to complete the scheme. The Commission of 1857, after maturely considering the point, recommended the adoption of a plan analogous to that of the registration of stock. The persons whose names are on the register were to have conclusive power to dispose of the property, and the interests of the beneficiaries were to be protected by a system of *caveats*. These persons would incur no greater danger than those who own stock or shares, and they would be precisely in the same position as the beneficiaries, or *cestuis que trust*, under a settlement, in which the trustees have, in certain events, a power of sale at their own discretion. The land itself could always be simply and cheaply transferred, and, as far as the interest of the State is concerned in having land readily available for commercial purposes, the object would be completely attained. But the Lord Chancellor is not content with such an amount of registration. The Commissioners, and, following them, Sir Hugh Cairns, proposed to register the fee-simple only, and certain incumbrances and leases, these being the interests that are most usually the subject of sales. But the owners of life estates, and other partial interests in the land, and of beneficial interests, may also wish to sell, and why should they not also have the benefit of the register? Accordingly the Lord Chancellor proposes to register the existing ownership, or, in other words, all the owners, however numerous and however partial their several interests. This scheme is more complete, but the difficulty is in working it. How does the Lord Chancellor propose to effect it? When land has once been placed on the register, everything affecting it afterwards—wills, settlements, mortgages—is to be sent to the registrar. This officer is to make a *précis* or summary of these instruments, and place it on the register, and not only this, but he must combine the effect of these instruments with those previously existing, so as to be able at any time to reduce the existing state of the title to a simple statement, in order to give a certificate of the actual ownership. This summary of the deeds and this certificate are intended to be conclusive, otherwise nothing whatever would be gained, and it would be necessary for the purchaser himself to examine all the deeds back to the point at which a statutory title had been conferred. Points of the greatest difficulty will often occur in the construction of these instruments, and it is most objectionable that an officer not holding the rank of a judge should exercise judicial functions so important. In such cases, however, the registrar is to have the liberty of referring such points to the Court of Chancery for decision. The probability is that he will never decide upon a question of difficulty himself, and the parties will have to incur the expense of litigation, or if they decline to have the point judicially decided, the instrument may be registered in full. It is clear that at this point the scheme of the Lord Chancellor completely breaks down, and degenerates into the exploded system of a registration of deeds. Unless the registrar is ready at

any moment to give a short certificate of the existing ownership which will supersede the necessity of a retrospective investigation, there is nothing valuable in the second part of the Lord Chancellor's scheme. Now, as long as there is on the title an instrument on which the registrar declines to put a construction, it is clear that such a certificate cannot be furnished, and the purchaser must recur to the expensive and cumbrous method of investigation of which it was the object to get rid.

#### THE VOLUNTEER COURT-MARTIAL AT LIVERPOOL.

THERE has been a great run of late upon courts-martial. We have had a military investigation of some notoriety at Dublin, which lasted, according to a recent article in the *Cornhill Magazine*, longer than the *causes célèbres* of Palmer, Smethurst, Madeline Smith, and Rush, all taken together. The case in the 11th Dragoons is only just concluded. There are rumours of strange doings in the 2nd Life Guards; and, finally, the commercial and military world of Liverpool are on the tenter hooks of expectation as to the decision in a court of inquiry that has been recently sitting on a Volunteer officer in the Adelphi Hotel of that flourishing seaport. There is something novel in this case. It is to all intents and purposes a trial for a breach of military duty. Its object is to investigate two charges preferred against one Volunteer officer by another Volunteer officer, and it is carried on by direction of the Lord Lieutenant of the county of Lancashire. The prosecutor is Major J. R. Tinley, the accused appears as Captain J. Maxwell, and the charges are of a singular character. The first charge is (we quote the *Liverpool Daily Post*)—For having in a letter dated the 30th April, 1862, in reply to a communication from the commanding officer, Major R. J. Tinley, 5th Liverpool Rifle Brigade, requesting him to take command of the regiment during Major Tinley's absence in London, refused to do so,—such conduct being highly irregular, subversive of all discipline, and at variance with Her Majesty's regulations. The second charge is—For having in a letter dated 8th May, 1862, in reply to one from his commanding officer of the 7th instant, refused to state what drills it would be convenient for him to attend, and introducing as an excuse irrelevant matters calculated to subvert good order and discipline in the regiment. Such are the accusations for which Captain Maxwell stands arraigned. The full bearings of the case are as follows:—Major Tinley, a gentleman we believe of some eminence among the cotton brokers of the Liverpool Exchange, was in command of the Volunteer Rifle Brigade in Liverpool. He found himself called upon to "go to London for the opening of the Exhibition." Before starting, he wrote a letter to Captain Maxwell, a general broker of considerable reputation, explaining to him that as he was senior captain he would be called upon to command the distinguished body of warriors during the absence of their major. So much officially. In addition, Major Tinley seemed to think it necessary to improve the occasion, and read Captain Maxwell a moral lecture on his conduct as a man and an officer. He accordingly added the following telling passage:—"In conclusion, I beg you to consider the responsible position you hold, and hope you will cheerfully assist in promoting the progress and efficiency of the Liverpool Rifle Brigade. I mention this because I am anxious that you should refrain from expressions of opinion which must tend to injure the brigade, for in canvassing and questioning the acts of your field officers you introduce one of the worst features of our late company organization into a consolidated regiment, quite contrary to all regulation." This naturally put Captain Maxwell on his mettle. You cannot burn the candle at both ends, neither can you in one breath imperiously command a gentleman who has long done a considerable business in tallow to look after "skeleton drill," and give him moral advice on his responsibilities in the next. Captain Maxwell had in the mean time sent in his papers, and with an unofficer-like mixture of irony and candour informed Major Tinley that he could not honourably take the command, until he received the answer which he expected in reply to his letter of resignation. To this Major Tinley, who had now returned from the opening of the Exhibition, replied in very reproachful terms. He was surprised that Captain Maxwell had refused to take the command of the corps while his superior officer was enjoying himself in London. He sincerely trusted he would see the necessity of setting an example to others of compliance with regimental rules. He calculates upon his assistance in carrying the regiment through the preliminary course of instruction, and wishes to know which of three sets of drills, ordered for certain evenings of the week, it will be convenient for him to attend. Captain Maxwell replies with Spartan brevity:—

"My dear Major Tinley,

"Until Major Johnstone's affair is settled, I am unable to say what drills it will be convenient for me to attend.

(Signed)

"Yours faithfully,

"JAMES MAXWELL."

It seems that Major Johnstone had been paid adjutant of the regiment; and in consequence of some difficulties with Major Tinley had been removed from that post. Disunion in consequence pervaded the

camp of the Liverpool Volunteer Brigade. There were among them some who would only follow the major, and some who would only follow the adjutant, and Captain Maxwell sided with the latter. Resignations had been sent in; some had been accepted, some had been refused, and Captain Maxwell's case was in suspension. It was at this period that Major Tinley went to the Exhibition, on his return from which he called a Court of Inquiry upon the conduct of his subordinate. There was a bastard decorum about the whole proceedings that must have created a profound impression in commercial circles. The account of the case reads like a combination of an Old Bailey trial and a young lady's idea of a court-martial depicted in a fourth-rate military novel. The prisoner is censured for not appearing in uniform, is generally bullied until he commences his speech, while the prosecutor, who is treated with respect at the beginning, is mercilessly snubbed at the end, and told not to make irrelevant statements. The speech in defence has the merit of being totally free from the incoherent periods that distinguished the oration of Colonel Fraser of the 11th; but in other respects it is remarkable chiefly for an ejaculatory and rather jerky style of rhetoric, and a peroration in which he appeals to the Court of Inquiry as "officers, gentlemen, and Englishmen."

The decision in this case has not yet been published. Until that solemn hour arrives when it will be made known, we would not for the world prejudge the case, but we may state roughly our general opinion that both the parties implicated are to blame. Captain Maxwell was distinctly wrong in not taking command during the absence of Major Tinley, and before his resignation had been accepted. Major Tinley was wrong for leaving his regiment when it was in an unsettled state, and more particularly for bringing this case before a public court of inquiry instead of settling it privately. If Major Tinley was aware that Captain Maxwell had sent in his papers—and he does not attempt to prove that he was not aware of it—then he was not entitled to go off on a pleasure excursion until the interim command of the regiment was definitely settled. The Great Exhibition of 1862 could have been opened without the presence of Major Tinley, but, apparently, the Liverpool Rifle Volunteers could not be commanded in his absence. A man of such terrible military enthusiasm should never have deserted his regiment in its need. We hardly like to dwell upon another feature in the case, which is, the absurdity of a man playing the martinet in a Volunteer regiment of city merchants. The two ideas of court-martial and a voluntary system are absolutely incompatible when the Volunteer army is not out on service. Suppose the Court finds Captain Maxwell guilty of both charges libelled against him, what will they do? Will they put that eminent general broker into an extemporized blackhole in the Adelphi Hotel, and feed him on bread and water? Will they deprive him of his rank of captain and make him a subaltern, or will they cashier him? If they put him under restraint we suppose the gallant captain will promptly call in the aid of the police, and if they degrade him he will resign, and if they cashier him he will be saved the trouble of resigning. The whole affair is very ludicrous, and can have but one effect. It can do no earthly good, and may do harm.

It is exceedingly desirable that the Volunteer army should be made as efficient as possible, but martinet discipline will not bring that about. It is not possible to bring any but a very exceptional body of civilians into the same state of efficiency as a military body. Only Lord Elcho and the most sanguine among the Volunteers can look for that. Unless a man is thoroughly interested in the profession of arms he will never become a perfect soldier. Stock-brokers and merchants cannot be expected to give up all the time that they have for relaxation to the study of drill. Under the pressure of a temporary excitement people may devote themselves to such embarrassing gymnastics. But during quiet times men will not spend their fine summer evenings in learning the goose-step, unless their patriotism, or their sense of duty, or their love of uniform, is more deeply implanted in their breasts than it is in the average of mortals. The Volunteer movement has been one of the grandest events in our modern history. Its effect abroad has been much greater than many of us are aware. It dispelled in a moment the French idea of the shopkeeper nation. Our neighbours were astounded at the enormous army that sprang up so suddenly, and spread their astonishment by means of their own newspapers over the whole of Europe. At home it has done a great deal of good already in arousing a certain latent taste for soldiering throughout the country, and in teaching a multitude of Englishmen to take an interest in rifle-shooting who, before the movement, had never handled a gun. All this it has done. And there is a great deal that it may do yet if it is rightly managed. But if we attempt to coerce gentlemen, who are occupied in their professions, to make a regular business of what ought to be a voluntary offering; if we threaten them and beat them offensively before the public, as Mr. Tinley has just done in the case of Mr. Maxwell, and if we thus subject them to insult and observations on the part of a Court of Inquiry, we simply discredit upon the whole service, and prevent it being so valuable as it may be and as it ought to be.

## THE MILITARY SITUATION IN AMERICA.

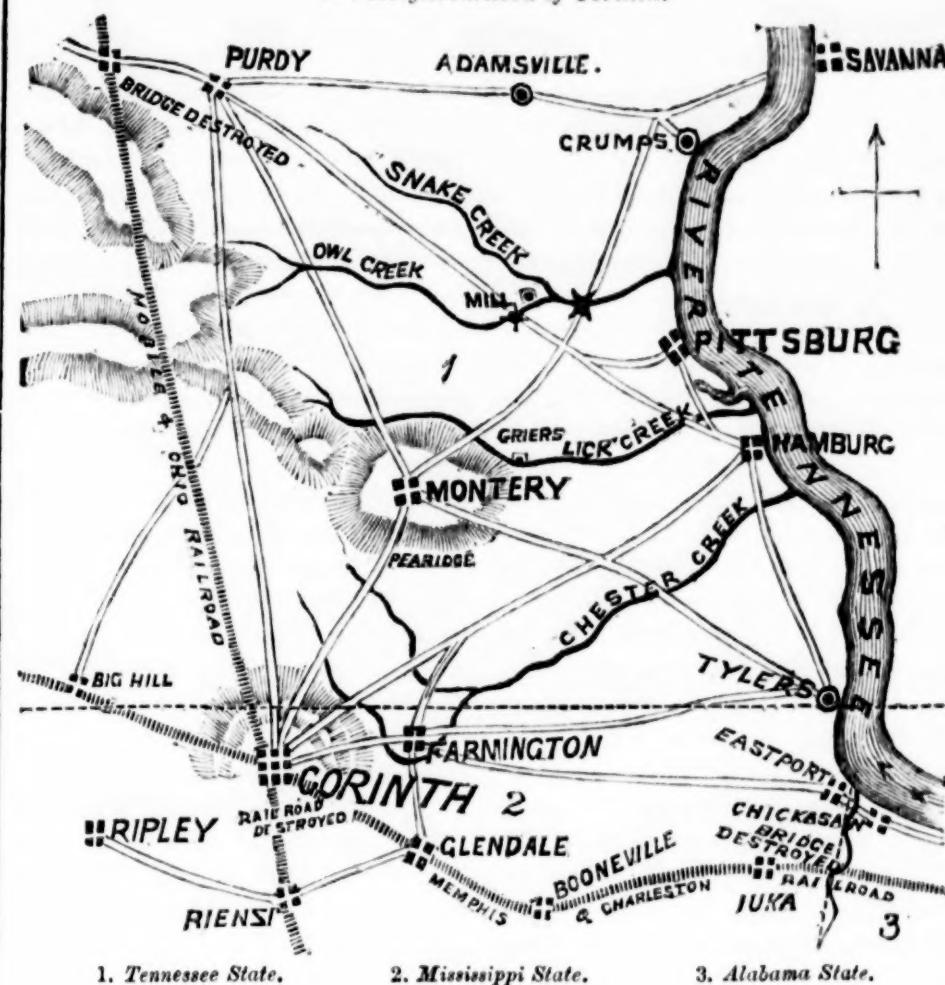
IT seems that two great battles must be fought between the Federals and the Confederates before the close of the present campaign: and these events have so long been imminent that many people are getting impatient at the delay. It has long been obvious that the real struggle now is for the Border States, and the threatening position of Jefferson Davis in the east, and Generals Beauregard and Bragg in the west, renders it absolutely impossible for the Federals to conclude the war without disposing of their armies. The stake for which McClellan in the east, and Halleck in the west, are playing, is a great one. If either of them fails, the chances are that the war must either be prolonged over another winter, or that the North must accept the terms dictated by the South. It is the imperative duty therefore of these officers to postpone the great crisis until the very last moment, so that every disposable man may be in the field when the great battle is delivered, and every preparation may be made to ensure a victory. Delay is the object of the Confederates; and, except making sudden and vigorous attacks upon isolated columns in the hope of crushing them by overwhelming forces, it is clear that they must stand upon the defensive. The Federals have the initiative. It remains for them to dislodge the Confederates from their entrenched positions at Richmond and at Corinth. To do this will require no common skill and no common courage: and therefore it is neither just nor reasonable in European critics to condemn the Northerners because they are not more rapid in their advance. Consider the matter as we may, it is impossible to deny that both sides have displayed a vigour and an earnestness of purpose, for which neither their friends nor their enemies gave them credit. If at the beginning of the war it had been predicted that a civil war would be carried on between the two sections of the American Republic for more than a year,—that the North would raise an army amounting to more than 500,000, and keep them in the field for so long a period,—that after this enormous army should have taken possession of most of the cities of the seaboard, and above all of New Orleans, the Southerners would still be at Richmond, within 150 miles of Washington, and at Corinth within 100 miles of the Mississippi, on the borders of Tennessee,—if any man had hazarded such a prediction, it would have been considered both foolish and extravagant. The Americans may be right or they may be wrong, but it is impossible to assert, after the events which have occurred, either that the people are demoralized by the worship of Mammon, or that the form of government under which they have chosen to live is a failure even in the crisis of a great war.

A fortnight ago we pointed out with the aid of a sketch the position which General McClellan occupied in his advance upon Richmond, and explained the plan which he seemed to have laid down to reach his destination. That destination was Richmond; and since the time at which we wrote he has gradually advanced, until, having crossed the Chickahominy in two columns, he is now within five miles of the capital. In the mean time the naval arsenal of Norfolk, which lies opposite Fortress Munroe, has been destroyed. A division under General Wool is in possession of Norfolk and Suffolk; whilst the *Merrimac* is blown up, and the Federal iron-clad boats are enabled to ascend the James River. Indeed, these boats have already arrived within eight miles of the Virginian capital, but the obstructions in the river and the batteries on land have compelled them to retire. The result is, that General McClellan is left to assail the Confederates who are posted near Richmond as best he may. The only two officers from whom he might hope for any assistance are Banks and M'Dowell. Banks is now said to be at Strasburg, a place on the west of the Blue Ridge mountains and of the Shenandoah river; but his column is so weak that he is compelled to entrench himself: whilst eastward, about ten miles, some Confederate cavalry have just seized Front Royal—a station on the railway which passes through Manassas gap and Centreville; so that Banks is not only cut off from communicating with Washington by the shortest route, but he is also cut off from communicating with M'Dowell. General M'Dowell is still at Fredericksburg, on the Rappahannock, sixty miles north of Richmond. Reinforcements have undoubtedly been sent by him to McClellan; but he himself has remained stationary. The probability is that M'Dowell is to remain on the Rappahannock, so as to help in securing the lines in front of Washington, and the country between, in case of a reverse before Richmond. The result is that Richmond, which lies in a valley surrounded by gentle hills, will be attacked by McClellan, and that he is probably waiting until he has provided in every possible way for the success of the approaching struggle.

Let us now turn to the west. Until within the last few weeks, the Confederate army of the west was under the command of Beauregard. It is said to be now under the command of Bragg. The first annexed sketch will show precisely the position occupied. The second, which includes the first, shows the whole country between the Mississippi, in the neighbourhood of Memphis, and the Tennessee river. It should be observed that whilst Memphis, which is 100 miles west of Corinth, is 800 miles north of New Orleans by the river and 400 miles as the crow flies, it is about 800 miles west of

Wilmington, in North Carolina. It is obvious, therefore, that the operations in Virginia, and in Tennessee, on the Mississippi, are quite disconnected. The position occupied by the Confederates is at Corinth. To this point every available man has been sent. The

The Neighbourhood of Corinth.

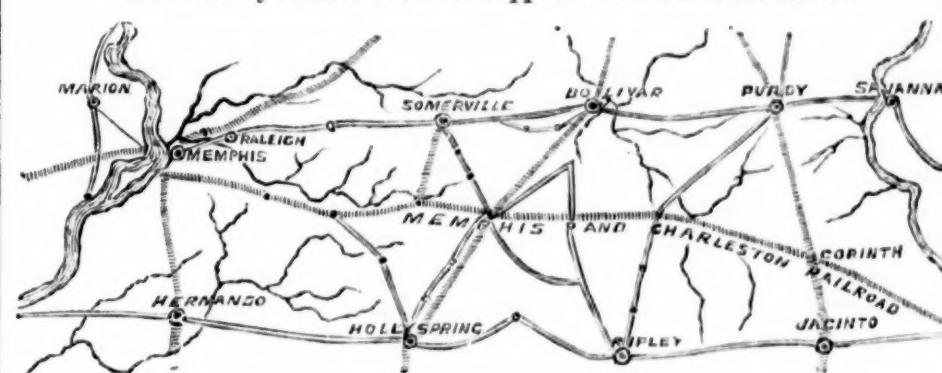


1. Tennessee State.

2. Mississippi State.

3. Alabama State.

The Country between the Mississippi and the Tennessee Rivers.



chief addition which has of late taken place is the division of General Lovell, who came up by railway from New Orleans after the fall of that city. Though the numbers are conjectural, they cannot be much less than 100,000. This army occupies what may be termed an entrenched camp. Their backs are toward the Mississippi, which is still in the hands of the Confederates. In fact, the obstructions and batteries placed by them in rear of Fort Pillow or Wright to oppose the advance of the Federal commander Davis descending from the North, and the difficulties encountered by Commodore Farragut, who has only reached Vicksburg, have enabled the Confederates still to retain the command of some 400 miles of the great river. In front of the Confederates, and occupying three quarters of a circle, of which Corinth is the centre, are the columns of the Federals under the command of Halleck. From Purdy in the North to Jacinto in the South the Federal columns extend, and they have now advanced to within three or four miles of the Confederate entrenchments. Twice already the Confederates have sallied forth, and endeavoured to crush the separate columns—once when General Grant crossed the Tennessee, and was attacked by Beauregard at Pittsburg, and once when General Pope was attacked at Chester Creek, within a few miles of Corinth. These events have naturally rendered General Halleck extremely cautious: nor is he likely to make an attack until he is tolerably certain of success. In the meantime it is clear that the Confederates are getting somewhat straitened for provisions. Neither from the north, nor from the east, nor from the south, can they expect any permanent aid: indeed, their only line of retreat is by the south-east, and that on foot. So long as New Orleans was in their possession, it was possible to retreat upon that city by railway; but now that that city is in the hands of the Federalists, the Confederates must either remain at Corinth, or undertake a tedious and difficult retreat to the interior of the country. At present the Confederates have no means of communicating with the east by the Memphis and Charleston railway; and if they are compelled to abandon Corinth, they must withdraw many hundred miles to the south before they can re-establish their communication by railway with their friends on the eastern seaboard. So long as they remain at Corinth, they may, in case of a victory, re-establish their railway communications; and

therefore there is little doubt that they will, if possible, await the Federal attack; though if extremely pressed by the encircling troops of General Halleck, they may possibly leave their entrenchments, and try their fortune in a general attack upon some weak point of the circle.

#### THE "SATURDAY REVIEW" AND ITS PERSONAL IDENTITY.

SIR JOHN CUTLER—we are told in the history of Martinus Scriblerus—had once upon a time a pair of black worsted stockings which his maid darned so often with silk that they became a pair of silk stockings in the end. A terrible philosophical question arose whether or not they were still the same stockings. This is, perhaps, one of those points which, to borrow the expression of the distinguished Dundreary, "nobody can be expected, you know, to know." But it was allowed at the time that the stockings themselves, had they been consulted, would have decided pertinaciously in favour of their own identity. The problem started a hundred years ago about Sir John Cutler's stockings was revived last week by the *Saturday Review* about itself. We learn from the remarks of that periodical that gossip has been busy with its reputation, and that a change is commonly reported to have come over its columns. A "catastrophe" is supposed, in its own words, to have "visited it," and to have inflicted on it "a sudden and premature metempsychosis." Under these distressing circumstances it has made an appeal to public sympathy, and adopted the admirable expedient devised not a year ago in Bond-street by the estimable Mr. Miles, tailor and fashionable outfitter. The question that agitated Bond-street at that period was, whether or not Mr. Miles, tailor and fashionable outfitter, made good trousers. By an ingenious artifice, with which we are far from reproaching him, Mr. Miles converted this interesting question into a controversy whether Mr. Miles had or had not removed to No. 73, Brook-street, Hanover-square. In the very centre of Bond-street a human advertising board walking slowly northwards proclaims to the metropolis Mr. Miles's departure. Ten yards off a second human board walking as slowly towards the south "cautions" the public against board the first. Between two announcements so contradictory and apparently so authentic, the minds of the passers by were distracted from the most material matter, and the problem where was Mr. Miles became of primary importance, simply because it seemed to be insoluble. The *Saturday Review* has followed the prudent and thrifty precedent of Mr. Miles. It has begun to assure the world that it "has not removed;" and with an ominous vagueness, and an inexplicable anxiety, asserts that a paper's identity must be unquestionable, because some of those who set it on foot write for it to the last. Viewed as an editorial advertisement, this proceeding is singularly comical. Your boots for some time back have been obstinately refusing to shine. Your censures one fine morning are anticipated, and you are told by way of apology that, whatever you may think, your boots are blackened with the remnants of the old original blacking, only a little watered, which was bought for them years ago.

However notorious might have been the rumours to which the *Saturday Review* has chosen to refer, we should no more have thought of discussing them than of discussing the merits of Mr. Miles's tailoring, had not the *Saturday* itself introduced the subject. As it has done so, we may, without indecorum, say that Fame, on this last occasion, has done the *Saturday Review* the ill-natured turn of investing herself with a very remarkable air of circumstantiality. Newspaper gossip has been carried to very undesirable lengths. Names have been freely mentioned where names ought never to be mentioned; namely, in the columns of the contemporary press. But the *Saturday Review*, at least, might have had the good sense to be silent. Even if there was a prevalent idea that a portion of the strength and ability of that journal had recently been lost, or possibly diverted into other channels, the obvious way to meet it was not by following criticism into the regions of personal gossip. The only answer a journal can make to such reports is to show, by the brilliancy of its columns, that it has lost nothing that it cannot spare. The line our contemporary adopts is to deprecate inquiries after its health, and to protest that it is going on using the old original blacking to the last. Even if the following statement were less unsatisfactory, it is so irregular as to be altogether without precedent; nor should it be allowed to pass without some public notice.

"Two or three times during our brief history, a fierce civil war has raged among the conductors of this journal, of which we ourselves were unhappily not conscious, but the details of which have been carefully observed and chronicled by our good friends at the clubs. Recently, one of these catastrophes is supposed to have visited us, and to have inflicted on us a sudden and premature metempsychosis. We are informed, on good authority, that we are no longer ourselves, but have become somebody else. If we might be positive upon any subject in opposition to the wise men who know everything about everybody, we should venture to maintain our own identity, and that, with two exceptions, we are the same 'we'—although with very large additions—that first addressed the public six years ago. But it is not a point on which we wish to dispute with them, or to run the risk of spoiling the zest of their secret information. Still, we feel with Amphitryon's valet, that it is embarrassing to have one's identity claimed by somebody else."

The first thing to be remarked about this unique paragraph is that, assuming even the identity of a paper to depend upon the *personnel* of its staff, the Reviewer does not make out the case he seems to wish to set up. No better proof can be given of the value of literary etiquette, than this

instance of the uselessness of attempting to violate it which we have before us. To what does all amount that he ventures to tell us? He insinuates—though he hesitates distinctly to assert what, after all, he seems anxious for the public to infer—that there have been dissensions among his friends;—thereby reminding us of the hunter in *Punch*, who shies when he comes to the big brook. He says, next, that "'we' are the same 'we,' with two exceptions, that first addressed the public six years ago." We are extremely gratified to hear it. It is a pleasure and an honour to have the veil lifted even for a moment, behind which any number of literary Lamas have collected themselves. But it is obvious that to make his information really valuable as a contradiction, he should have made it more complete. The public still is profoundly ignorant of the number of the great primæval "we," of their personal merits; of their sex, their station, and their degree; and consequently is equally ignorant of the value of the "two exceptions" which we learn have been taken from them. It is obvious that the primæval "we" may have been very few at first, or very unequal in power. The significance of the loss depends somewhat on this. In the second place, the public still is profoundly ignorant how many of the original "we" have become silent partners in the firm. Yet these fuller statistics would be necessary to prove even the writer's own plea. Perhaps the most remarkable omission is with reference to a class of contributors whom he dismisses in pregnant silence—those who may not have joined till after the outset, but who may have left his company before the end. In spite, therefore, of the ostentatious confessions of the Reviewer, it is plain that very little of the Eleusinian mysteries has been revealed. We do not complain that he has not revealed more. To have done so would have entailed either a further equivoque or else a serious violation of private confidences. Half revelations have a tendency to mislead. An anonymous writer does not gain much by venturing upon forbidden territory just so far as will save him from being followed, in order to suggest a number of questionable inferences, which he shrinks very properly from asserting openly. We trust that the next journal which attempts to follow the bad example of the *Saturday* will be warned by the failure of the *Saturday's* attempt at half confidences. It is folly to pretend to show half your hand when you cannot show it all with safety to yourself; or to pretend to treat that literary etiquette as an embarrassment which, after all, is your protection.

The whole conception of a newspaper's identity contained in the extract we have given, is ludicrous enough. The *Saturday Review* seems to think that its own identity is as much a tangible and sacred thing as if it were a tail. It says that it is embarrassing to have it claimed by others; arguing, no doubt, upon the analogy of tails. Finally, it anticipates all unfriendly gossip by protesting that it has got a bit of the old tail with which it started six years ago, and that it has largely added to it since. A more business-like appeal to public protection we never heard. Somebody—says the *Saturday*—has got hold of our tail. For heaven's sake let the public recollect that it is unfair to trifle with our tail. The sacrilegious interloper who has got his foot upon our tail, is earnestly requested to take it off. We cannot write while anybody is holding on by our tail. It only remains, after this, to carry personal advertisements a little further, and to protest against unlawful imitations. No connection with any other business. Beware of the untradesmanlike falsehood of "It's the same concern." This is the original vitriol establishment, and all imitations are spurious. Come early to your old Reviler, which, like Mr. Miles, has not removed to Brook-street, Hanover-square, but is still to be found at the old quarters, constructing sixteen-shilling trousers of the most superior kind. There is no doubt that if Bond-street were placarded with "sandwich" boards, bearing these and other similar inscriptions, it would be a great proof of an aptitude for business. Yet the identity of a paper is not surely a thing which can be stolen or appropriated like a trade-mark. It consists in the paper's vigour, ability, and consistency. So long as these remain, who will dare to dispute a question of identity? What use would it be insisting upon a shadowy identity if they were gone? The public, and the public alone, can be the judges of any identity of the kind. And if the fruit were changed, it would be very little consolation to us to be told that upon application at the premises we might still see the old original tree. Pedigree, after all, has not much to do with newspapers. The *Gentleman's Magazine* has only just expired. It had a wonderful genealogy. It had also an astonishing amount, we dare say, of identity. The *Morning Chronicle* also, which so recently was carried to its long home, died of a lingering but sure disease. When a journal is young and brilliant, it is popular enough. It is no use protesting in later days that it is doing its best, and that it is the same old publication. We wonder whether the large additions to its stock-in-trade, of which our friendly contemporary bosom have anything to do with the change. Once there was a paper which used to be the scourge of the literary gentlemen of the press, who, under the cover of the journalistic "we," take the public into confidence about private vulgarities and jokes. It is strange to see the Saturday lion lying down and gambolling with the lambs. When we go to an inn, says one graceful correspondent, we are taken for a bagman. Is this communicative travelling gentleman one of the original "we," or is he one of the "large additions?" To which category belongs the "comptor" who visits Mr. Harper Twelvetrees, and returns his hospitality on Saturday, by narrating his personal experiences in a similarly pleasant manner? We have been to Bow. We have seen Mr. Twelvetrees, the bug destroyed in a grass field near his house, on the occasion of a farewell to some Xs.

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conformist colonists who were to sail to New Zealand the next day. We think all Nonconformists snobs. We saw people smoking, and wished to smoke ourselves. We watched the game of kiss in the ring, and saw the ladies "turning their mouths and cheeks towards advancing lips, so as to afford every facility for the osculatory process." We come home and turn the proceedings into a sort of dreary fun, and wind up with comic descriptions of a hymn that has to the common eye nothing facetious about it, except, of course, that it is a God-speed to a few poor people who are setting sail for the Antipodes. Is this the work of the great primaeva "we?" Has the *Saturday Review* lost its identity or has it not? The presence of a few righteous men was very near preserving Gomorrah awhile from the Dead Salt Sea. Here and there we certainly catch a strain of manly vigour, and a familiar velvet touch which remind us that much still remains. But this is so swamped with travelling gentlemen, and wash-tubs, and charity-schools and the lavender-water of Puseyism, and sham Liberalism and Tory cockades, that we hardly recognize our old contemporary.

"Quoi! c'est vous en grande toilette!  
Non, non, ce n'est plus Lisette."

#### MR. RUSKIN ON POLITICAL ECONOMY.

SOMETHING more than a year ago Mr. Ruskin surprised the many readers who had known him in a different capacity by publishing several wonderful rhapsodies about Political Economy in the *Cornhill Magazine*. The papers were apparently intended to form a treatise on the subject; but after two or three had been published the series was discontinued. It appears, however, that Mr. Ruskin has not given up his plan. In the current number of *Fraser's Magazine* there appears a paper written by him which lays down, with a strange affection of scientific accuracy, a number of general principles on which he proposes, as opportunity occurs, to discuss the whole subject, or such parts of it as he may find time to handle. It is characteristic enough that, after publishing two or three rabid sermons upon detached parts of the question, in which he took occasion to treat with the most insolent contempt those who had written upon it before, he should, after more than a year's reflection, produce a list of his first principles. The plan which he has published is worth notice, because of its author's reputation in relation to art, and because it affords a signal illustration of the presumptuous weakness which is one of the besetting sins of nearly all sentimentalists; for a sentimentalist, and nothing else, Mr. Ruskin is, notwithstanding the noisy claims which he delights to put forward to harder and more manly qualities.

The paper in question, which is about six pages in length, is divided into four sections, which again are subdivided by the help of numerals and capital letters, in such a manner that the whole forms a syllabus of its author's views of the branch of study which he has undertaken to investigate. In a certain sense the prospectus is magnificent. If Mr. Ruskin carried it out he would have written a treatise not only on political economy, but on almost every other subject whatever, including most of the branches of moral science, and nearly all the branches of physical science. It is, however, in literature as it is in commerce. Slight experience teaches us to beware of splendid promises. When we see in the columns of a newspaper a magnificent scheme for the establishment of a company with limited liability, and practically unlimited capital, which is pledged to perform some old-fashioned operation in an astonishing new-fashioned way, by virtue of which the shareholders may make sure of cent. per cent. per annum, we know what it means. A healthy scepticism supersedes the necessity of any detailed analysis of the project proposed to us. It is much the same with literature. The terms upon which people can write instructively are pretty well known; and when a man begins by declaring that he is going to describe all things human and divine, his readers have sufficient notice that he is an impostor, and if they go on with his book may thank themselves for their own waste of time.

Mr. Ruskin has certainly given ample notice to this effect. It has usually been supposed that no study has made more progress in our days than political economy, that none has been more strongly tested by experience, and that none has stood the test better. Mr. Ruskin thinks otherwise. He despises and rejects nearly all that has been written upon the subject. He considers that "the science, which, in our modern days, has been called political economy, has no connection with political economy as understood and treated by the first thinkers of past ages," and accordingly his plan is intended to correct this, and to show what the footing is on which the subject ought to be treated. As understood in modern times, he tells us political economy is "nothing more than the investigation of the phenomena of commercial operations." It ought to be "neither an art nor a science, but a system of conduct and legislature, founded on the sciences, directing the arts, and impossible, except under certain conditions of moral culture." Its object is to "regulate the acts and habits of a society or state with reference to the means of its maintenance." By "maintenance" Mr. Ruskin understands "the support of the population of the state in healthy and happy life, and the increase of their numbers so far as that increase is consistent with happiness," and by "life" he means "the happiness and power of the entire human nature, body and soul." Putting all which together, it appears that Mr. Ruskin means by political economy a "system of conduct

and legislature" the purpose of which is to regulate the acts and habits of a state, with the object of increasing to the utmost the happiness and power of the entire human nature, body and soul, of those who belong to it.

The "perfect type of manhood," we learn, includes the perfections of body, affections, and intelligence. "The material things, therefore, which it is the object of political economy to produce and use are things which serve either to sustain and comfort the body, or exercise rightly the affections and form the intelligence." Hence "the essential work of the political economist is to determine what are in reality useful or life-giving things, and by what degrees and kinds of labour they are attainable and distributable." These things, he says, are either *wealth*, which consists of things valuable in themselves, or *money*, which consists of documentary claims to the possession of such things, or *riches*, which "is a relative term, expressing the magnitude of the possessions of one person or society as compared with those of other persons or societies." Each of these three words is then analyzed. First, *wealth*. Since *wealth* consists of things valuable, what is value? It is, we are told, "the strength or availing of anything towards the sustaining of life." Intrinsic value is the "absolute power of anything to support life." Effectual value is the same *plus* the capacity of any given human being to enjoy it. Such being the nature of value, things valuable are either: 1, land; 2, houses, furniture, and instruments; 3, food, clothing, and articles of luxury; 4, books; 5, works of art. The uses of each of these different heads are enumerated and subdivided. *Money*, we are told, "has been inaccurately spoken of as merely a means of circulation. It is, on the contrary, an expression of right." Lastly, *riches* are examined. "Respecting riches," says Mr. Ruskin, "the economist has to inquire, first into the advisable modes of their collection; secondly, as to the advisable modes of their administration." He then proceeds: "Respecting the collection of national riches he has to inquire first, whether he is justified in calling the nation rich if the quantity of money it possesses relatively to that possessed by other nations be large irrespectively of the manner of its distribution. If not, and if the ideas of a certain mode of distribution or operation in the riches, and of a certain degree of freedom in the people, enter into our idea of riches as attributed to a people, we shall have to define the degree of fluency or circulative character which is essential to their vitality and the degree of independence of action required in their possessors." As to the administration of riches, we learn, that they have three great economical powers: selection, direction, and provision. Finally, Mr. Ruskin says, that he does not expect to be able to work out the whole of the inquiry which he has thus planned; but that, from time to time, as he has leisure, he will endeavour "to carry forward this part or that as may be immediately possible."

Few people have the happy art which Mr. Ruskin undoubtedly possesses of exposing themselves decently and in order. His scheme is as stiff, and professes as much scientific rigour, as if its author really were the accurate and profound philosopher that he supposes himself to be; but when examined with a little care, and with adequate reference to what is possible in the way of speculation, it becomes plain enough that it is a mere castle of cards, with no other strength about it than the rigidity of pasteboard. No man who had the most elementary notion of the meaning of scientific inquiry would ever have put forward anything so absurd. The method by which Mr. Ruskin has proceeded is obvious. He has a sentimental dislike to what he supposes to be the coldness and harshness of political economy as commonly understood. He is anxious to replace it by something which shall at once be magnificent, and stand in a direct assignable relation to morality. He cannot bear to admit the existence of any science relating to human actions, which is independent of right and wrong, good and evil. Turning aside accordingly with a contemptuous snort from all that in modern days is called political economy, he sets out in search of the magnificent phantom just sketched out. He will be satisfied with nothing less than "a system of conduct and legislature founded on the sciences, directing the arts," and having for its object the multiplication to the utmost of human happiness in every form, physical, intellectual, and moral. This, he says, is the view which the "great thinkers of past ages," of whom he enumerates Plato, Xenophon, Cicero, and Bacon, took of the subject. Oddly enough there is a certain kind of truth in this as to some of the writers named. Mr. Ruskin's notion of political economy does no doubt receive some sort of countenance from Plato's *Republic*, and possibly from one or two of Xenophon's minor treatises; but so far from justifying Mr. Ruskin, this fact sets the absurdity of his present plan in the strongest light. Plato was, no doubt, a great man; but, like all other men, he thought and wrote under the conditions which the circumstances of his age imposed upon him. If Plato were living now, does any human creature suppose that he would write such a book as the *Republic*? If he did, he would show a total incapacity of learning from experience, and of understanding the lessons which might be learnt from those who, for two thousand years past, have prosecuted scientific inquiries.

The great lesson of modern times in that respect is that we can learn only by the division of labour, by breaking up complicated inquiries into their component parts, and by investigating and solving separately each of the separate questions, which are thus proposed. For example, the general question which Mr. Ruskin proposes amounts to an inquiry into the whole of human life, including both the ends for which men live, and the means by which those ends are to be attained. Of course the complete solu-

tion of this problem would involve the solution of all subordinate questions. It would put the desire for health, wealth, art, science, the indulgence of the affections, and every other function of life, in its proper place; but how is this to be done? Surely the very first step must be to ascertain the facts by processes of detail. Until the different affairs of life are tied up in bundles, and properly labelled, it is useless to frame general systems, for the materials of which they must be composed will not have been collected. This is what political economists, amongst others, have been doing. They have said, we live in a world where men buy and sell, and plant and dig mines, and use money and pay wages; let us compare and analyze these various operations, taking them as they are, and reducing them into an intelligible form. When we once understand thoroughly what is in fact passing amongst men, we shall have made a solid step towards discovering what we ought to see passing amongst them. This utterly revolts Mr. Ruskin. He knows a nobler and more excellent way. He is above the meanness of putting off building the house till the bricks are made; he is perfectly ready to begin without bricks, or rather to make the bricks out of the house; and as his palace is never to be more than a castle in the air, he is probably right.

Every page of his article proves that he proposes to build his pyramid from the point downwards. Everything is to be prized according to its power to maintain and increase "the happiness and power of the entire human nature, body and soul." But how are you to find out what human nature is, or wherein its happiness and power consists? "The material things which it is the object of political economy to produce and use are things which serve to . . . . exercise *rightly* the affections." What is the *right* exercise of the affections? "The relation of rich men to poor ultimately involves . . . authority over the labour of the poor. . . . The business of the economist is to show how this relation may be a *Just* one." What is *Just*? Even the capital *J* does not explain it. Mr. Ruskin appears from his other writings, and from the indignation with which he fulminates against all persons who ask such questions, to suppose that they can be asked only in a scoffing spirit. This is by no means true. If he had mind, and patience, and humility enough to attend to the books which he so ignorantly despises, he would find out that one of the most important results—perhaps the most important result of them—is that they contribute most effectually towards the solution of these very questions. Mr. Ruskin may pile glowing expressions about human nature on each other as long as he pleases without throwing upon it one-tenth part of the light that is thrown by Adam Smith or Ricardo, when they trace the constant operation of the different passions through a thousand obscure and intricate channels, and show how various circumstances, at first sight apparently contradictory, are all so many illustrations of the same general principle. He may print the whole of the word *Just*, as well as the *J*, in large capitals if he chooses, but no amount of violent language on the subject will throw so much light on the nature of justice as an inquiry which, without once mentioning the word, enables the controversialists to understand their own position, and so reduces a complicated and intricate controversy to its simplest terms.

Thus the great and conclusive objection to Mr. Ruskin's conception of political economy considered as a whole is that, in contempt of all experience, he tries to work out its results by the *à priori* method, simply because his sentimental vanity is irritated and fatigued by the slow and designedly partial progress of the science as usually pursued. His details, however, are as inexact as his principles are pretentious and absurd. He piques himself on his accuracy and consistency in the use of terms, and defines with an elaborate show of accuracy those which he proposes to use; but he soon forgets them, and even in this short essay uses at least one leading word in two senses. He says *wealth* consists of things in themselves valuable. *Riches* is a relative term expressing the magnitude of the possessions of one person or society as compared with those of other persons or societies. Yet through nearly the whole of the paper he uses *riches* where he means *wealth*. Thus he asserts that money is not "a means of circulation," but "an expression of right,"—"a documentary claim to wealth;" and then he says, "if all the money in the world, notes and gold, were destroyed in an instant, it would leave the world neither *richer* nor poorer than it was. *But it would leave the individual inhabitants of it in different relations.*" If "riches," and therefore "rich" are words of relation, the riches of the world must be altered if the relation of individuals in that particular were changed. Mr. Ruskin meant "wealthier" where he said "richer;" but having laid down his definition in one page he forgot it in the next. Throughout the whole of Section 3, which is specially devoted to "riches," he uses rich and riches as equivalent to wealthy and wealth. For example, he says, "if the ideas of a certain mode of distribution or operation in the *riches* . . . enter into our idea of riches as attributed to a people." Obviously, the first "riches" ought in consistency to be "wealth." There is a meaning in the assertion that the relative richness of two nations depends not only on the amount of things valuable in themselves (or wealth) possessed within the bounds of the nation, but also on the way in which those things are distributed and used; but it is nonsense to say that the relative richness of two nations depends on the way in which their relative richness is distributed. Yet this is the man who has the impudence to talk of "Ricardo, with his usual inaccuracy."

The fallacies of thought correspond with the inaccuracies of language. The whole of the section about money is a tissue of nonsense. It is no more than a translation of the exploded follies of currency quacks into high pressure language. They used to say that the pound was an abstract measure

of value. Mr. Ruskin translates this by saying that money "is an expression of right," "being the sign of the relative quantities of it, or of the labour producing it, to which at a given time persons or societies are entitled." A little further on we learn that "the use of substances of intrinsic value as the materials of a currency is a barbarism, a remnant of the condition of barter, which alone can render commerce possible amongst savage nations." It is melancholy that a man of reputation should talk such perfect nonsense as this. Is there, or was there ever, or can there possibly ever be any sale whatever, which is not barter? Whether I barter my horse for a certain number of sheep, or for bales of cloth, or for ounces of gold, the operation is precisely the same thing. Suppose in a state civilized, according to Mr. Ruskin's views, there was an inconvertible currency of no intrinsic value, what would a sale in such a currency be? A man would sell his house, and part with it altogether for the sake of acquiring a convenient means of buying a variety of other things of the same value. How does this differ from barter? Mr. Ruskin would, perhaps, refer back to his definition of value and say, that the value of a house in such a system would be its intrinsic value or "absolute power to support life." Be it so, but how would he or any one else measure that power? That is the question which no partisan of an inconvertible currency could ever answer. It is at once amusing and almost affecting to find one of the oldest and silliest fallacies that ever puzzled mankind decked out with all the graces that ferocious sentimentality can afford, as a new discovery by which mankind is to be permanently blessed.

#### A N G E R.

MASTER GODSCHALK VAN FOKKENBERG sagaciously observes—and his reputation for wisdom was once great—that to most men, when in health, the sight of the doctor and the devil are equally agreeable. Unless doctors are to be understood as visible in their professional capacity only, the statement is a large one; but in its widest extent it is equally applicable to the professors of moral medicine. Good advice is the one form of beneficence for which human nature has a universal and insuperable dislike. The precepts which so constantly urge us to give ear to it would not be so emphatically reiterated, if it were not that, under its infliction, man is by nature obstinately prone to go to sleep. It is not only that we object to it at the moment—that even the negro, while under punishment for his offences, felt that being preached to and being flogged at the same time was a suffering beyond endurance—but we know by a kind of instinct when it is at hand, and when we must prepare to escape it. Sparrows discern by some magic of their own when the hawk is near, and witches have sensations, Shakespeare says, in their thumbs, which detect the approach of what is wicked. By a similar intuition we scent moral counsel beforehand: we know what is coming when the preceptor opens his mouth, as well as we know what will happen when the fatal string is pulled in the shower-bath. What the sensation of very wicked people may be on receiving the prescriptions of their physicians we cannot undertake to determine; our remarks apply only to persons of a sound moral constitution and eueptic turn of conscience. Virtue has, above all other merits, the enormous recommendation of needing no virtuous recipes. Precautionary counsel is as repugnant to the natural taste as precautionary physic. A word in due season, how good it is—but at the same time how extremely unpleasant!

No natural instincts ought, without examination, to be deemed absurd. There must be some good reason for the aversion above mentioned, and in many cases it will be found that it arises from an irreconcileable divergence of opinion. It is not easy to bestow a respectful attention on a philosophy which proceeds on totally different assumptions from our own, and arrives at widely different results. The preacher tells his congregation that they are to think over a certain suggestion when they get home. Probably not a single unit among the tranquil mass of intellects before him pays his advice the compliment even of distinctly grasping the thought; and it is hardly necessary to do so, when it is certain, beyond all question, that the immediate business which ensues upon reaching home must infallibly be dinner. Preceptors assure their pupils that they ought not to play in school. Considering that illicit play is the very fundamental element of the highest youthful happiness, they cannot marvel if the sound advice does not secure the implicit attention they expected. It is a fine study to contemplate the serene face of the smoker in the first-class carriage, while he peruses the notice in which he is implored, by all that he holds virtuous, to assist the Company in abolishing the offensive habit. He has simply formed his opinion from one point of view; they have regarded it solely from another; and while the world lasts the two will never approximate. He may be right or they; but the Company have clearly not yet found out the way to influence their reader, and suggestions which fail of their influence necessarily fail also of their interest. It will generally be found that the theories of moralists, when they come into collision with the deliberate sentence of the world, are founded on *à priori* arguments, and not on the teaching of experience. Whether or not Mr. Cobden was right when he declared that "the instinct of the million is better than the wisdom of the wisest," it is obvious, in a thousand ways, that the instinct does not arise without some reason. *Populus vult decipi*, says the proverb; but the proclivity must be very strong when it is carried into antagonism to their obvious practical interests.

For a glaring instant of the different results arrived at by philosophers and by the world, none is more obvious than that of anger. On many questions

they agree perfectly. Thoughtful men and practical men are both in accordance on the wrongfulness of parricide, for instance,—and of omitting to prepay letters,—and of perjury. Voltaire declares that if we question a child of five years' old on the validity of proprietary rights, he will reply with the distinctness of intuitive insight; and till he becomes of age to know the relative values of umbrellas, we can quite believe that he will continue of the same mind. But it is different in the case of anger. Since men began to reason, moralists have ever contended that this is among the worst of vices. With the child, to be passionate is to be wicked. We know from infancy who will some day have little children who show naughty tempers. Every one who argues from *a priori* principles, implicitly agrees with the nursery-maids. The Zendavesta condemned ill-temper; the great code of Buddhism ranks it high in the list of sins. All moral philosophers, in the pulpit and in print alike, chime in with this note; and the duty of restraining the temper has supplied more morals and adorned more tales than any other virtue under heaven. Now compare with this view that of the outer world. Such a man is an excellent good-hearted soul; warm, perhaps, if you annoy him, but sound to the core, nevertheless. Another is testy, sometimes; but look how much he has to get through! A third is a terrible fellow when he gets into a passion, but then what is a man worth without a little spirit? The last of these remarks is really the one which represents the popular notion. With novelists a disposition to anger is invariably a part of their most highly-polished characters; oftener than not, it is even one of their virtues. Mr. Hughes knows his readers by this time pretty well; and we believe that he would as soon present to them a hero without an inclination to knock his enemies down, as he would think of drawing him less than six feet high. Who, we may ask, in contrast, ever painted a hero as deficient in courage? and who in the world of living men would think of making excuses for the fault of cowardice? Yet for one page which moralists have devoted to the vice of cowardice, they have given twenty to the sin of anger. The world and the moralists are clearly at issue. And we cannot help thinking that on this occasion the world is right.

The fact is, that on this particular question the world has much the best opportunity of judging. It is plain to every one that society suffers in but an infinitesimal degree from the passionate tempers of its members. Anger is not a vice which is contagious; it is not one which can corrupt communities; it is not one which can produce results by insidious influence. Men suffer terribly from the vanity of their fellows; still more from their thoughtlessness; and still more from their laziness. But what great events have ever been produced, or what large changes have been brought about, by the mere force of passion? All that can be urged is, that it effects a kind of temporary revolution in the moral state of the individual; that it blinds, overthrows, paralyzes, maims. Anger is a short madness, it is said; and the description is true enough. But to concede its shortness is to urge the best argument in its favour; and to charge it with madness, is to accuse it of one of the least hurtful of faults. It is the sane who rule society, and not the insane; the really pernicious are those in full possession of their senses, whose wickedness is of a nature not so easy to recognize as passionateness, and not so easy to control. If we were to think of all the fiery persons that we know, as compared with all the meek ones, we should probably not be able to detect more than slight inconvenience as resulting to us from the temper of the former. When we think of all that the poor of a district suffer from the one vice of mere indifference in the rich, we can only hope for the sake of society that Heaven may preserve the poor from ever finding it out!

What generally obscures the subject is, that anger is confounded with revenge; and nothing can show more strikingly the capricious nature of popular creeds than the fact that the most opposite theories of revenge have been openly promulgated by civilized and uncivilized countries, by philosophers and vulgar alike. We know what the opinion of Christian teachers is at present; and it needs but little reading to discover, on the other hand, how nations as thoughtful as ourselves once deified heavenly Malice. It seems as if the sagacity of the human race was prostrate before the question of retaliation. The prophet who sat by Nineveh changed his mind about the duty of anger; but the whole world has completely failed to make up its mind upon the obligation of vengeance. With Scandinavian nations of old it was the most sacred duty preached; Carsten Niebuhr says the same of Arabia; Mungo Park of Western Africa. In Australia we hear of the existence of a vendetta system, strange and almost senseless in its working; a woman had her husband killed, felt that his blood must be expiated, went out and cut the throat of the first person she met, and came home perfectly satisfied! But it is not only savages that have adopted such a view. Hume relates an imaginary story of the condonation of an injury, drawn from that of Themistocles and Eurybiades, as an absurdity and paradox in morals. He tells sarcastically how in the country of Fourli,—“no matter for its latitude or longitude,—Alcheic being joined with Calish in a project of some importance, Calish gave Alcheic one day a sound drubbing, which he took very patiently, waited the return of Calish's good humour, kept still a fair correspondence with him, and by that means brought the affair in which they were joined to a happy issue, and gained for himself immortal honour by his remarkable temper and moderation.” The author's opinion evidently is that a person who could not retaliate an injury must be a very extraordinary character. Now when such difference of opinion exists on the subject of vengeance, it is as well to keep it separate from the plain and simple question of the moral importance of anger. There is no need to mix them up. A person

may be furious at an injury without necessarily hating the injurer. We may smite our ass three times, and yet even if a sword were in our hand we probably should not kill it. On the other hand,—and such differences are instructive,—there are some people who can kill and yet not be angry. The Maori, whose character is more marked than that of any civilized nation can be, is sometimes implacable, but always imperturbable. His temper is firm, even when his honour is most sensitive. Accuse him of displaying anger and you seriously vex him; but charge him with neglecting a duty of revenge, and you almost break his heart.

The truest view of the passionate character is that which the word itself suggests. Every one must remember how, in the “Pilgrim's Progress,” of his early years, there sat two boys together, one of whom would have his good things now, and the other was content to wait till the proper time came; and the name of the one was Passion, and the name of the other Patience. All will, no doubt, remember also with what furtive obstinacy they sympathised with Passion, and trembled as they thought what their own choice would have been in similar circumstances. How many persons, we wonder, who have read the story have reflected on the curious fact that the names of the two boys are identical? Hardly a shade of difference, if any, can be discerned between the meanings of the words. Each implies a “suffering” of some kind. What really distinguishes them is, that the one is a submission to external events, the other a slavery to internal emotions. The patient man in reality acts, the passionate man, more true to his etymology, is acted upon; one is master of himself, the other is mastered by himself. Patience, in short, implies strength; passion, weakness. If once it were laid down as an axiom that anger is merely a failing, a want of power, moralists would have an easier task, and their philosophy would not be less true. We should look on an angry man, not with condemnation, as they do, nor with admiration, as novelists do, but simply with pity. He cannot bear up against his infirmities: so far from being more muscular, he is frailer than the rest of the world. The New Zealanders have caught the right tone; they are self-contained and gentle, as we said; and yet they are so brave, that when they first saw a ship their immediate impulse was to go out at once and attack it. The truly noble character is that which governs itself autocratically. Those who so rule themselves will best rule others; and self-command befits the superior more than the inferior. It is bad enough that Xantippe should be angry with Socrates, but it would be worse that he should be out of temper with her. It is worse that we should swear at beggars than that beggars should swear at us. Still, we will not condemn too severely those who are angry and feeble. Remembering that their little vehemences give a world of trouble to themselves, let us remember also that on the whole they do not very much matter to us.

#### THE DERBY DAY.

If a second Candide, accompanied by some optimist adviser, could last Wednesday have visited the scene of our national festivity, he would probably have suggested that, for the best of all possible Derbies, Epsom Heath should be either a little nearer to the metropolis or a little farther from it. At present, the gallant exertions of the noble creatures round whom the principal interest of the occasion centres, are almost thrown into the shade by the sufferings of the less distinguished performers, through whose instrumentality the scene of action is reached. The heroism of the race-course is eclipsed by the martyrdom of the road. The journey to the races falls within, and only just within, the limits of equine capacity; it is difficult, and a few more miles would make it impossible; as it is, the whole road might be made, for this occasion, an excellent area for the operations of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. Stout ladies and gentlemen from the suburbs, in four-wheel cabs—enterprising costermongers in donkey-carts—huge pyramids of humanity piled high upon vagrant omnibuses—a promiscuous assembly in various kinds of “traps”—all seem, for one day at least, actuated by a spirit of “Miss-Toddism,” and to believe in vigorous castigation as the panacea for every moral or physical short-coming. The stern logic embodied in the sentiment “he's a hoss, and he must go,” is carried out ruthlessly to its practical results, and any attempt to resist its cogency is resented with a vehemence worthy of a better cause. Veteran posters, who have experienced the same ordeal in other years, must groan in spirit as they near the Downs, and know how steep, dusty, and uneven an ascent awaits them; and if they have time to speculate, like Montaigne's cat, on the characters of their employers, they may well wonder what strange fascination it is that, every June, draws some half million of them to the Surrey hills, maddens them with interest in the gallop of a score of colts, fills the air with a Babel of noisy vociferations, and sends some men home in the wildest spirits, and others in the most abject depression. The explanation is indeed a curious one. For one day in the year, a sober, business-like, and cautious nation forgets its habitual prudence and the altars at which it is wont to worship, and goes forth, in full array, with every due sacrificial accessory, to offer homage to the capricious Deity of Chance. People are ruined, or become millionaires, according as the legs and temper of this or that thoroughbred happen for the moment to be favourable to success. Not one person in a thousand has the faintest glimmering of scientific knowledge of the matter, or can do more than admire the glossy skins and elegant movements of the beautiful creatures on whose triumph or failure so mighty a stake depends. It is Chance, and Chance only—wearing, indeed, a comely

garb, and surrounded by traditional *prestige*, and all sorts of agreeable accessories, but still unmitigated Chance, to whom for once the British nation bends the knee.

As every religion ought, the worship of the race-course has a well-organized and abundant priesthood. Its authorities speak, and speak with an oracular uncertainty, that is appropriate, if not convenient. As the great day draws near, poetic inspiration descends upon the crowd, and a hundred bards break forth into rhapsody: sometimes the stream is prophetic; sometimes emotional; sometimes a fine frenzy carries the rapt minstrel into the depths of the future; sometimes bids him glance, with half-averted eye, at the tragedies of the past. Now a deep pathos rings through the melody; now a burst of virtuous indignation; here a lofty moral, and there a burst of despair. The vicissitudes of the Two Thousand Guineas have proved an especially prolific theme. What, for instance, can be finer than the following:—

“ Of all the various Derbies  
That I did ever see,  
From the win of ‘ Little Wonder ’  
To the break-down of ‘ Dundee,’  
The varyngest and the bettingest,  
And the nobblingest by far  
Is this, in which they’ve bolted  
That good horse ‘ Calabar.’ ”

Another minstrel touches on the same theme, with a still more affecting simplicity:—

“ His wind did not break, and he trod on no stone,  
He strain’d not a sinew, he fractured no bone;  
But th’ugh he was named the Two Thousand to win,  
His backers were done, and his friends were let in;  
For it does not take much a good runner to mar,  
And to knock out of time even ‘ Old Calabar.’ ”

So much for the irretrievable past; but as they glance into futurity, the bards abandon the tone of vain regret, and surrender themselves to a bolder and more cheerful mood. “ Rhyming Richard” takes up his song, and, catching a breath of Byronic inspiration, dashes away into a narrational prophecy: “ The Cotswolds,” he says,—

“ look on Middleham  
And Middleham looks on the Ouse,  
And, dreaming there, ere Epsom came;  
I dreamt Neptunus could not lose,  
For backing dangerous Dawson’s colt  
I could not deem myself a dolt.”

Then we have a fine piece of word-painting; the deserted streets of Malton act as a dark back-ground to the crash of the road, the uproar of the race-course, and the anxious thronging of the paddock. Presently the trainer addresses his capricious charge:—

“ Oh, Marquis, in thy hour of ease  
Uncertain, coy, and hard to dress,  
And irritable as the fry  
Of school-boys in a hot July,  
Amidst the tumult, noise and row,  
An amiable beast art thou ! ”

Next follows the gathering of the steeds:—

“ Ensign and Caterer are there,  
The sturdy son of stout De Clare,  
Caractacus, whose splendid shape  
Sets every country mouth agape,  
The Star of Wantage faintly gleams,  
Tootin Alvediston seems,  
And—theme for ruminating thought—  
Wells rides the slashing Argonaut.”

Then comes the race itself, only less vivid than the reality which is anticipated: the signal is given, the troop sweep round Tattenham Corner, the ruck fall to the rear, and even among the celebrities the fortunes of the day begin to be foreseen:—

“ But mark yon bright and eager bay,  
Who not another yard will ‘ stay ’  
For foe or datterer.  
Dejected is that crest of pride,  
He halts and dwells upon his stride,  
And see, the foam upon his side,  
Good night to Caterer ! ”

Caterer’s accident unfortunately robbed this vaticination of its truth; and the rest of the poem has been deprived of prophetic importance by a result upon which the most sagacious of soothsayers could scarcely have calculated; but its artistic merits are none the less noticeable; Buckstone and Neptunus are described as contending, neck and neck, for the honours of the finish, and certainly nothing could be truer than that the

“ Hum that for a space did fail,  
Now trebly thundering swells the gale,  
And ‘ Buckstone ’ is the cry ! ”

Here, however, the insight of “ Rhyming Richard” failed, and here we leave him. The fortunate few who late in the day got 40 to 1 against so “rank an outsider” as Caractacus, depended probably upon better authority than the Sybilline leaves of a sporting newspaper. Winners and losers alike must have felt glad that their foreign visitors, who formed no inconsiderable fraction of the assembly, should have witnessed that which is, *par excellence*, the national holiday, in such rare perfection. No more enchanting day, it may safely be affirmed, ever broke upon the Surrey Downs. The cool breeze made the vast multitude comparatively indifferent to a blazing sun and to the dense atmosphere of dust in which a considerable portion of the journey had to be performed. Far across the noble plain, over which the eye ranges from the top of the heath, the route of the travellers might be tracked from the dusty cloud which steamed up continually into the clear summer sky; the thousand bright colours of the multitude itself contrasted pleasantly with the soft haze that shrouded the distance, and the rich vegetation of the surrounding woods and meadows.

M. Assolant himself must, we think, have been melted at the sight of so lovely a scene, and so much peaceable holiday-making. Not that he might not have found in the vast assemblage many satisfactory proofs of British vice, coarseness, and brutality. He would have seen much joviality, have heard many vulgar jokes, and very probably have himself been made the object of some stupid practical witticism. It may be humiliating, but it is none the less true that Englishmen should be amused by sticking penny dolls in their hats, false noses upon their faces, and by playing “ Aunt Sally,” at the imminent hazard of breaking one another’s heads. The fun that a crowd of excited shop-boys extemporize on the top of an omnibus, is not likely to be very refined, or to amuse anybody but those in whose good spirits it originates. Every institution stands in need of an outward ceremonial; and if a man feels a stronger taste of festivity by indulging in various little foolish performances, it is mere churlishness to grudge him so harmless an enjoyment. Indulgence, however, has its necessary limits; and when the little boys at Clapham, fired, we suppose, by the theological zeal which may still be imagined to haunt so famous a precinct, amuse themselves with a running fire of stones at the passing cavalcade, public opinion has decided rightly that that limit has been reached, and that the youthful Claphamites must enjoy their Derby Day in some less aggressive fashion.

At the race itself there is so strong a feeling in favour of certain rules, that order is observed as a matter of course, and the police have only to announce their orders for the purpose of securing acquiescence. The dense throng is cleared off the course with extraordinary ease and rapidity, because everybody feels that resistance would not only be foolish, but unsportsmanlike. One luckless rider, on Wednesday, whose want of brains tempted him within the course, rode the gauntlet for a mile or two, amid the shouts of hundreds of thousands of his countrymen, each of whom felt personally aggrieved at so unusual an infringement of the law. Rough justice, too, is sometimes done. When some gentlemen will persist in standing upon other gentlemen’s shafts, human endurance sometimes reaches its limits, and broken sticks, bleeding heads, and very ruffled tempers are the sad result. M. Assolant, however, and his fellow scandal-mongers, must have admitted that it is rather clever of 600,000 people to come and go, feed and amuse themselves for a whole day, with so little confusion, annoyance, or impropriety. He would confess that the middle classes of English men and women, if not very refined, are tolerably good-natured and orderly, and that our nation, being gifted with a noble down and an unequalled race of horses, knows extremely well how to get the largest possible amount of amusement out of both.

#### MUMMIES.

An American author has recently brought out a work on what he calls the “Apocatastasis; or, Progress Backwards,” of the present day. He pictures to himself the whole human race retrograding into the gloomy forests and dank caverns whence it has been allured by civilization, and looks forward to a future darkening into the blackness of the old primeval night. We are returning to the follies which were discarded by the wisdom of our ancestors, occupying ourselves with exploded fallacies, and attempting to resuscitate lifeless shams, and are therefore degenerating so fast, both mentally and physically, that it is to be feared that we may lower to the level of the races from which we have been gradually developed, that our great-grandchildren may become conscious of prehensile tails, and our remote descendants may jabber in an inarticulate tongue among the shapeless relics of ruined cities. A highly picturesque view of the wonders that shall be, but apparently a little over-coloured. It may be true that there is a tendency to stand once more upon the ancient ways, to re-open in the palace of art some of the cobwebbed galleries which science has condemned, and to strive to peep into the unseen world through windows which a stern materialism has bricked up; but such undertakings are not likely to be so disastrous as to impede the onward march of man, and to hurl him back into aboriginal apehood.

The custom of preserving the bodies of the dead is one of the antiquated heresies which, after a prolonged hibernation, is showing feeble signs of life, and attempting to recover an orthodox character. Little has as yet been said about it in England, but in France and America it has of late excited a good deal of interest, and given rise to considerable discussion. There are enthusiasts who look forward to a day when every family of distinction will pride itself upon its store of pickled ancestors; and there are opponents of the scheme, who consider it a proof of most dangerously retrograde tendencies. But it does not seem probable that embalming will become fashionable among us. A few eccentric individuals may avail themselves of its assistance to preserve the outward semblance of some one they have loved or hated; but most men would strongly object, at a time when rents are so high, to be called upon to find house-room for their ancestral mummies. We bury our dead, and are inclined to get rid, as soon as possible, of the disagreeable associations connected with their resting-places. The suburban cemeteries afford an interesting lounge to Sunday visitors; but the friends of those who occupy the soil seldom have leisure to seek again the melancholy spot which they may have once honoured by their sympathizing presence. It is all very well for benighted foreigners to strew flowers on the grave of the beloved, and make it a picnic-point on stated anniversaries; but we prefer to perpetuate our regret in masonry, and if our hearts are oppressed with care for the loss of a friend, to rear such a mass of marble above his remains as will effectually prevent the earth from lying lightly upon them.

The question of how to dispose of the dead to the greatest advantage has occupied the minds of many peoples, and has been solved in various ways. Some nations have exhibited an originality of idea in their funeral arrangements that has sufficed to redeem their names from oblivion. In the tribe of the Arvacæ, inhabitants of the kingdom of Guinea, it was the custom for a bereaved family to pulverize the bones of a defunct relative, and mix the dust in the flowing cups quaffed to his memory. In some countries a man's relations would have been thought wanting in respect towards him if they had omitted to eat him when he died, and it was considered a delicate attention to send a small joint to friends at a distance. Such a custom may have been very gratifying to old persons who were allowed to die a natural death, but it must have been very unpleasant for an ancient Sardonian, who had lived the number of years allowed by law, to comply with the regulation which compelled him to invite his kinsmen and acquaintances to come and dine off him on a certain day, and to have himself killed and cooked in time for the feast. No wonder that the difficulty of calling up the conventional smile expected under such circumstances, should have given rise to the phrase of a "Sardonic grin." But these were barbarous peoples, and it is hardly necessary for the most retrospective eye to study their cadaverous cookery, while the funeral records of ancient civilization are open to its inspection. If we are to alter our method of burial we can choose between cremation and embalming. The former has the merits of speed and economy, the latter commends itself chiefly to the pompous mind and to one that is regardless of expense. Where burning is in vogue an entire ancestry can be contained in one small vault, and there must be something almost cheerful in the sight of a family circle "safely potted in their urns." But the practice is not likely to become general; a book was published not long ago advocating its revival on sanitary grounds, but we do not suppose that its arguments will ever result in depressing the shares of any Great Necropolis Company. We should be more likely to follow in the track of the Egyptians, were not the climate against us. It is chiefly in hot and dry regions that the art of the embalmer has flourished. Amidst the burning sands of Lybia, and on the plains of Central America, the traveller who is left by his companions to die and lie unburied, is mummified by Nature's hands. The next passers-by find a shrivelled image of man, dried almost into nothingness, and weighing as little as the defunct Hannibal is stated by a trustworthy satirist to have weighed. From such fortuitous specimens of the *homo siccus* the first embalmers may have taken a hint, and have afterwards improved upon their model until they produced the masterpieces which still charm the eye of the public in the Egyptian galleries of the British Museum. They appear to have spared no pains, at all events in the case of corpses of quality, and it is not surprising that they should have been treated with the respect which great *artistes* deserve. No doubt, they led a jovial life, for it is an unvarying law of society that persons who make a living out of their neighbours' dying should be cheerful, if not jocose. Undertakers are proverbially facetious, and a mute, when off duty, is always full of spirits. And, no doubt, the Egyptian corpse-stuffers enjoyed themselves heartily, and even the despised "dissector," whose duty it was to make the necessary incisions in the bodies, and who in consequence was hooted and pelted out of sight when his services were no longer required—even he had his hours of jollification, and if the populace hissed him, applauded himself when he contemplated the money in his chest. The trade must have been the means of supporting a numerous class, for the prices demanded were large, and the subjects operated upon were many. To be preserved in first-rate style would cost a dead aristocrat some three hundred pounds, and a middle-class householder would have to lay by more than a third of that sum if he wished to do credit to his family. But the money would be considered well spent by men who were convinced that after a period of three thousand years their souls would return to their earthly tenements, and start afresh on a new lease of life. It was not strange that they should wish to keep their vacant habitation in as good a state as possible, and should attach considerable importance to the entirety of their future epidermis, or the preservation of their favourite features. A similar belief may have induced the Guanches, the extinct inhabitants of the Canary Islands, to preserve the bodies of their dead. They, too, may have imagined that the ghosts of their ancestors were constantly hovering about the *xaxos*, the mummified forms which they once used to animate. But they have vanished from the world, and left little record behind them of their hopes and fears; so that it is to Egypt alone that we can refer for information on the subject. There must have been strange scenes there in the olden days, when the living and dead relations kept house together, when a deceased grandfather might be handed round at a banquet, and a needy child could borrow money on the security of a parent's corpse. If such a practice prevailed now-a-days, what a rush there would be along Drury-lane, on a Saturday night, of thirsty sons bearing their fathers to the pawnbroker's shop. There was no danger of such an occurrence among the ancient Egyptians, for they prized their dead relations at least as highly as their live ones, and were very unwilling to let them pass out of their hands. The mummies remained intact for many a century, till European hands rifled the tombs and carried off their occupants. Not always, however, with impunity, as the veracious Radzevile bears witness, who purchased two embalmed bodies at Alexandria, and smuggled them on board the ship in which he sailed for Europe; for a furious tempest arose, and two spectres hovered round the vessel, regarding it with menacing looks, until the mummies were

cast overboard, when the ghosts disappeared and the storm was stilled. Radzevile was severely reprimanded by the captain for his conduct, but the theologians whom he consulted justified it on the ground that mummy was necessary for the sick. For in the Middle Ages it was considered a specific against all diseases, and a piece of it hung round the neck was looked upon as a preservative against numberless evils. So great, indeed, was the demand for this invaluable commodity, that a trade in false mummies sprang into life, and bodies were pickled by the score, in order to be sold at high prices to the eager and credulous foreigner.

As medical science progressed, the belief in the healing properties of mummies faded away, and they were looked upon merely as curiosities. Now and then an attempt was made to rival the work of the Egyptian embalmers, but in general without any great success. Royal personages were often thought worthy of being guaranteed against corruption, and a few specimens of ordinary mortals were preserved for the inspection of the curious. The College of Surgeons can boast of the body of Mrs. Van Butchell, and Jeremy Bentham is on view at University College, dressed in the clothes which he used to wear while he was yet alive; but they are both of them ghastly objects, and offer little encouragement to persons who are desirous of posthumous exhibition. In "Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship," an account is given of a process by which a dead body may be indefinitely preserved, retaining all the beauty which it had during life, and offering the appearance of being locked in a gentle sleep. After Mignon's death, her body is subjected to this process, and is then exhibited to the sorrowing friends who have come to her funeral. "A balsamic substance," says the Abbé who conducts them, "has been forced through all the veins, and now tinges, in place of blood, these cheeks too early faded. Come near, my friends, and view this wonder of art and care. He raised the veil; the child was lying in her angel's dress, as if asleep, in the most soft and graceful posture."

Many of the readers of this passage have doubtless considered it as fanciful and unreal as any in the book, but the idea has been worked out with signal success by a French physician, Dr. Gannal. He has embalmed a number of bodies, many of which have been examined after the lapse of several years, and they have been found to retain a life-like appearance that defies the power of decay. A single incision is all that is necessary for the purpose of injection, the preserving fluid is rapidly forced through the veins, and the body becomes firm and elastic. The drying process occupies about six months, but after that time the embalmed individual requires no further treatment, and is presentable in any society. An excellent specimen of the process is at present on view at the Burlington Gallery, being the embalmed body of Julia Pastrana, who was also exhibited in London during her lifetime. Her story is a very strange one. She was in all probability the most hideous woman who ever lived, but her ugliness made her fortune and gained her a husband. She had the features of an ape, and her face was covered with strong black hair, which lengthened along the jaws into luxuriant whiskers and a flowing beard. She is said to have been discovered in Mexico, but little is known of her parentage, for her first proprietors were anxious to enhance her market value by making out that she was the missing link between man and the brute creation. When Barnum heard of her fame he sent an agent to report upon her appearance, intending to secure her for his museum, if she was really as frightful as she was said to be. The agent came, and saw, and perceiving that she was incredibly hideous, at once, with characteristic smartness, made her his wife in order to secure such a treasure for himself. He exhibited her in all parts of the world, until two years ago, when she died at Moscow, soon after giving birth to a little monster, who fortunately survived only thirty-five hours. The husband, we are thankful to say, is dead also. Her body, as well as that of her child, has been preserved by Dr. Sokolov, the professor of anatomy at Moscow, and well deserves the attention of all for whom female ugliness has a charm, or who have any idea of perpetuating their own attractions for the benefit of generations to come.

#### MEN OF MARK.—No. XLIV.

##### CARDINAL ANTONELLI.

HE has been scarified with invective sarcasm by the witty author of *La Question Romaine*. That slashing chapter gave but an outline of the Cardinal's biography, distorted somewhat by its author's furious fancy. We will fill up the picture, keeping to historical fact.

M. Edmond About would make him out a brigand because he was born at Sonnino, and the famous Gasparone was his maternal uncle. It is true that his native village was, and is, of Galilean ill-repute; Sonnino is like other lawless, wretched, half-starved places in the mountains of the Papal frontier, between the misruled dominions of his Holiness and of the Naples Bourbon king. The site, convenient for marauders, tempts an untaught hungry peasantry to live by rapine, where neither magistrate nor priest shows great zeal for its prevention, and where the rule of the Popes gives them all their ideas of divine and human law. Among these rough Borderers the father of Antonelli was not a chieftain of banditti, but a bustling, thriving cattle-dealer, in a land where cattle-stealers are as numerous and as little obnoxious as in the Scottish Highlands in the time of Rob Roy. Giacomo, the second of five brothers, was born in 1806. His childhood witnessed the overthrow of Napoleon's empire, with which Rome had been incorporated, and the restoration of Pius VII. His father, who was then rising in the world, became municipal receiver of the taxes, and a person of consequence in the district. Giacomo was a sharp, unabashed, insinuating lad,—slight and

supple in frame, with a clear yellow face, bright flashing smile, fiery black eyes, and flowing waves of dark hair,—the pliant, nimble body animated by an alert and confident mind. The father could make interest at Rome to get him placed in the way of service with indefinite chances of getting on in life. A candidate, indeed, from Sonnino might as likely as any other be propitiously regarded by official patrons at Court. We infer this from a remark made by Monsignor Liverani, one of the Protonotaries of the Papal Chancery; indeed, a very similar remark was made fifty years ago, when Antonelli was a little boy, by the Emperor Napoleon I. Liverani testifies that, in distributing government places and salaries, a preference is systematically given to the lowborn adventurers who swarm down from those obscure abodes of rapacious poverty, of which Sonnino is a type. He gives us a very long list of important and lucrative offices filled by "a horde of worthless, cunning, greedy fellows who have dropped upon Rome like so many vultures from the rude regions of the Abruzzi and the Comarca, seeing the fat revenues both of Church and State given up to them as their prey." There is policy in this selection, for the patrician dignity and civic pride of the Romans themselves might else become dangerous to the Papal sway. Young Antonelli, of Sonnino, would therefore meet with no obstacle from his rustic and plebeian origin in climbing up the ladder of promotion as far as he had the talent to go.

The youth's first steps upwards were taken in the Collegio Romano and "Sapienza," or Roman University, where the merits, if any, that obtained his Jesuit preceptors' approval were more likely those of a demure and deferential behaviour, than of any remarkable application to such learning—chiefly the formal rules of grammar, rhetoric, and scholastic philosophy,—as they had to impart. We are assured, at any rate, by a learned prelate who loves him not, that when taking his turn, as cardinal deacon, to recite on a solemn occasion his portion of the breviary, stares and smiles among the assembled clergy have greeted some gross blunder of Antonelli's in reading the Vulgate version of the Psalms; and this defect is the more noticed in a Cardinal Minister where Latin is the official language, not only of theology, but of jurisprudence and the canon law. But whatever his neglect of literary accomplishment, he had, from his parent the bullock-jobber, usurer, and receiver of taxes, derived an aptitude for pecuniary calculation, which he would turn to profitable account. On leaving the academy he was placed as an articled clerk in the office of a lawyer and magistrate, whose example is so characteristic that we should not pass it by. Monsignor Marulli and Monsignor Pentini were the two judges of the tribunal of Monte Citorio at that time when Giacomo Antonelli, along with his most intimate and constant friends, Teodolfo Mertel and Giuseppe Berardi, was a law student and assistant in Marulli's office. A protracted law-suit, involving a large property, was then pending between two great and wealthy persons, the Duke Torlonia and the Duke Cesarini. Judicial integrity is not the most vigorous of the virtues in the atmosphere of Rome. It could hardly have been expected to resist either the temptation of gaining favour with an influential protector, or the direct offer of a bouncing bribe. Monsignor Pentini, however, spurned the wages of corruption, and retired from the Bench in disgust, while his colleague, Marulli, took the suitor's gifts, and got a lucrative advancement by help of the grandee whom he had obliged. All this while, the trio of juniors, Antonelli, Mertel, and Berardi, having now attained to more confidential service, remained snugly at work in the office at Monte Citorio, under Marulli, their worthy chief. It came to pass at length that even he, by some too flagrant or mistimed instance of venality, fell into undeniable disgrace, and was cashiered; but under his successor, Monsignor Manani, they completed, with scarcely diminished advantages, their initiation into official life. We can imagine how Antonelli, at this early stage of his career, won the admiring confidence of his two companions at the desk, and exchanged with them a promise of mutual co-operation in their future way through the world. These young men together, alike in their training, principles, and opportunities, may have agreed upon a theory of successful ambition, such as Antonelli would expound. He might not, perhaps, exclaim on such an occasion, "The world's mine oyster," for the scarcity of that coy bivalve on Italian shores would make its opening an unfamiliar metaphor; but we may conjecture from the share which Mertel and Berardi have had in his subsequent fortunes, that he promised them something better than the shells.

Full-fledged birds of the predacious tribe, *Monsignori*, now perfect in hardness of beak and sharpness of claw, they quitted the nest of their novitiate, assuming that semi-clerical garb and title of the Roman prelacy, which is indispensable for any valuable preferment in the Papal State. Mertel chose to follow the profession of a barrister, that he might sit as a judge where Marulli, his master, had sat before. Berardi procured some post in the administration of the ecclesiastical funds. Antonelli went in for the civil service, his fingers and palm itching to handle the affairs of state.

It would be tedious to note Monsignor Antonelli's progress through the minor ranks of the official hierarchy. He soon distinguished himself by subtlety and pertinacity of design, and by the adroitness of his personal address. In the latter years of Gregory XVI., during Cardinal Lambruschini's Ministry, he was charged with political authority as delegate or governor of one and another small province, Macerata and Viterbo, which happened to be vacant. About that time there was much agitation in Central Italy, caused by the outbreak of a conspiracy in the Calabrias, and the year afterwards at Rimini, in both cases easily crushed. The Papal dominion, however, was not in any immediate jeopardy where Antonelli ruled; and the odious severity of his political inquisitions and sentences at Viterbo could only be useful to recommend himself to a harsh and vindictive Minister. Zealous subserviency thus exerted soon met with its reward. He obtained the second post in the Secretary of State's department, and was thence transferred to the Treasury, a place extremely convenient for his own ends. The family at Sonnino, it has been mentioned, included four brothers of Giacomo Antonelli (besides sisters, one of whom has a husband, now Count Dandini, assessor of police). The brothers are now counts and place-men, we may observe,—to anticipate the course of events. They naturally came to the metropolis to settle within reach of the cunning net extended by a brother's official hand, for theirs to grasp and haul. Giacomo managed the Pontifical Finance Department some time before Filippo became manager of the Roman bank.

In the summer of 1846 Gregory slept with the seventeen other Gregories who had gone before, and Pius IX. came to reign in his stead. This gushing

Pontiff began with a glorious spurt of clemency and liberality, which has now long gone dry. We shall not here comment on the inconsistencies and sad reverses of his reign. It was described in a memoir of Pius IX. on the 8th and 15th of February in THE LONDON REVIEW. We have only now to do with Antonelli. With a new Pope affecting Liberalism, and transforming all the institutions of the State, the old Ministers and Legates must be set aside. Here was a chance for the versatile Monsignore whose path of promotion was thus cleared of all the old "Gregorians," his superiors in official standing. By strenuous professions of opinion, he strove to make the Liberals forget his recent activity in the enforcement of despotic repression. The Treasury accounts, which had got into wretched confusion, were restored to apparent order by his financial skill. The prelate acting as Treasurer-General, whose accounts are never audited, and who is responsible for his acts to none but the Pope, enjoys a certain privilege. He is entitled to a scarlet hat on leaving that office. Antonelli, with a view to thus entering the Sacred College, had taken deacon's orders before. Though a layman in all the habits and occupations of his life, he had to become nominally the curate of the church of St. Agata in the Suburra, since the cardinals are traditionally held to be the parish clergy of the city of Rome. He resumed office, with extended powers, as Minister of Commerce and Finance. His brother Filippo was placed at the head of the Bank. In October, the Cardinal was named one of the Council of State. His friend Mertel, who from his gravity and taciturnity was deemed a profound lawyer, was needed now to aid the rising politician in forming a useful clique. Antonelli would not seem himself to seek Mertel's advancement; but taught him to gain the good word of the French ambassador, Count Rossi, a doctrinaire of the Guizot school, an Italian exile who, from long absence, was unacquainted with the persons about him at Rome. Mertel solemnly let drop in Rossi's hearing such expressions as "ministerial responsibility"—"progressive amelioration"—"social exigencies"—and "accomplished fact." Rossi was pleased to hear these catchwords of Moderate Liberalism from the lips of one of the Roman prelates. He made some remark in praise of Mertel to the Pope, which Pius, impressionable and unreflecting as he is, never forgot. Mertel, briefless barrister, was made auditor of the Rota, and after a time, sticking close to Antonelli his conductor, he became a Minister of State. But the years which intervened were 1848 and 1849, full of bewildering changes, through which Cardinal Antonelli, after traversing a revolution and a bloody reaction, securely established his power.

Projects of constitutional reform were rife in Italy at the commencement of 1848, before the Paris Revolution of February. A commission of cardinals and prelates sat to hatch something that might satisfy the loud wish of the people. Cardinal Antonelli was one of the commissioners. In March a parliamentary constitution was granted, which could never work, since the principle of ecclesiastical absolutism must over-ride the deliberations of the Chamber of Deputies. But Antonelli was President of the Council of Ministers in the first cabinet then formed. His colleagues were all laymen, except the great linguist Mezzofanti and one other; amongst them were Minghetti, Farini, and other Liberals of the best sort. Before they had been two months in office, consternation and rage were excited throughout Italy, by the tergiversation of the Pope who had first blessed, and then disavowed, the war against Austria, now that the Roman troops were already in the field against the national foe. The famous Allocution of April 29 destroyed for ever amongst Italians the delusion that any Pope could really intend his country's freedom. Some traitor had suggested to him, on that occasion, the risk of being held an accomplice in all the revolutionary agitations throughout Europe, and the greater risk of alienating the German Catholics from the Roman See. If Antonelli did this, he behaved with astonishing duplicity, when two or three days before the Allocution he signed, at the head of his colleagues, a memorial praying his Holiness to allow the war to go on "for the righteous recovery of our nationality." His language on this subject, in the discussions of the ministers among themselves, was warmer than any other's. To appease, a fortnight later, the tremendous storm raised by the Pope's defection, the Pope was advised to write a pacific letter to the Emperor of Austria, exhorting him and Radetzky to let the Lombards and Venetians enjoy their liberty. Antonelli was the author of this farce, which was played out while the best blood of Northern Italy flowed in vain. The first Roman ministry had resigned, and another headed by Count Mamiani had come in; but Antonelli, though no longer a minister, was now the real political adviser of the sovereign, and has been so ever since. It was made impossible for any constitutional ministry to hold on, thwarted and insulted as they were by the sovereign whose throne, with the new liberties of the country, they would have preserved. We hurry over the disasters which followed,—how Rossi's noble attempt to uphold the government was requited with a dastardly murder,—how the attack of a mob upon the Quirinal Palace frightened the Pope away to Gaeta,—how the Mazzinian faction set up a Roman Republic, which, after a few months' existence, was crushed by the unjustifiable intervention of a French army,—and how, during the lengthened sojourn of the Pope at Portici, the crafty wiles of his inseparable manager had leisure to gain an entire mastery over his shaken mind; until Cardinal Antonelli, the Secretary of State, could write *Ego et Papa meus*, in the style of an indispensable Minister, who had become actual ruler of the sovereign he seemed to serve.

In those days, while the seat of the restored Papal Government of Rome continued to be in a royal villa on the shores of the Bay of Naples, came on the notorious affair of the Roman Bank. A new charter was applied for, to invest the Bank with extraordinary privileges, and with no check whatever on its issues of paper-money. This was objected to by men who were versant with the exceptional condition of Rome and the provinces adjoining in regard to their commercial economy. It was referred to a commission of inquiry, in which Monsignor Mertel had the deciding voice. A respectable prelate then at the Papal Court affirms, of his own certain knowledge, that Mertel was promised a ministerial portfolio to make him favour this Bank charter job. His old comrade in Judge Marulli's office was the Cardinal Secretary of State, who had, through his brother, a near interest in the concern. Mertel, when the charter was allowed, got more than one valuable appointment immediately, and became awhile later Minister of the Interior, Minister of Grace and Justice, High Steward of the Propaganda, and a Cardinal of the Holy Roman Church. The bank, under Filippo Antonelli's management, was enabled, by restricting or expanding the monetary circulation at its pleasure, in a community so isolated from the general

movement necessary to it with facility. Antonelli fitly concerted power with preferential brothers, Luigi, regulating, food, fuel, and water in which the operations are thus ascertained, and some particularities, and been conferred. Filippo, in Finances of place was in Campania, having them on the known by his Ministry, at the time of the fraudulent, his brother put indirect acquisitions, monopolies, regulations of M. Railway Company influence purposed, named with 1. ties of relation had been served to the Finance, Rome, he now the railway of Affairs Extra which about the was obliged to. In the third of, there is on their gains. safely beyond remembers the who by the sudden indignation, ingeniously placed *pubblico ruba*, several popes a "something in atmosphere of has nothing to whereby hangs the Pope a scale balances in London, and though the Wiseman was has not denied acknowledge abilities, as short. He has enjoyed administration, such a plight as are exasperated French protection proposal for conciliation of its territory, but Car with the doting peevish vanity, nervous alarms board, which has what may of the sixth year, may have to quit the Pope's apartment, he glides along the ridge, which often seems younger than the firmness of his mind. He is pure of religion; his the Jesuit Father is understood that or pietist, aspirin mixes freely in the be observed, infusing conversations prove susceptible duced within the favoured by His to enlist their agency convert has been concerned, gave an action before

movement of the exchanges as Rome is, to play with the prices of many necessary commodities in the market. Forestalling might thus be practised with facility and advantage by a set of dealers, mere agents of the great Antonelli firm, who were apprised of the prepared changes, and could act on a concerted plan, sufficiently accommodated with the means they required by preferential discounts and advances from the Bank. Another of the Cardinal's brothers, Luigi Antonelli, was placed on the Board which controls the *annona*, regulating, by its arbitrary decrees, the import or export of grain and flour, of food, fuel, and fodder, and opening or shutting at its will the bonded warehouses in which taxable provisions are stored. The same person is "Conservator" of the city, whose municipality waits upon his orders. The mercantile operations of the fraternal partnership managed by Gregorio Antonelli are thus assisted every now and then by the action of the local authorities, and by sudden, unaccountable decrees, tending to affect the supplies of some particular commodity. The direct emoluments, however, which have been conferred on the Cardinal's own kindred are not yet told. Count Filippo, in addition to being Governor of the Bank and Councillor of the Finances of the State, was appointed Director of the Monte di Pietà. That place was made vacant for him by a criminal prosecution against the Marquis Campana, who is thought to have been more sinned against than sinning. Campana, having to invest funds belonging to the institution, had borrowed them on the ample security of his Museum, to complete the art-collections known by his name; he had done this with the special consent of the late Ministry, at a time when Cardinal Antonelli himself was the Treasurer, and privy to the fact. For this proceeding, which was irregular, but nowise fraudulent, he was afterwards thrown into prison, and Cardinal Antonelli's brother put in his place. Nobody will dare to guess the amount of the indirect acquisitions of the same family, in the shape of bonuses or profits on monopolies, leases, contracts, and concessions from Government. The revelations of Mire's and Solar, for instance, regarding the matter of the French Railway Company's contract, showed but a very small sample of the value of influence purchaseable like theirs. Monsignor Berardi, too, who has been named with Mertel as an early ally of the Cardinal's, and who has also some ties of relationship with him, was allowed to put his finger in this pie. He had been serviceable as a commissioner in a delicate investigation with regard to the Finance Ministry. From being a very poor man when he came to Rome, he now dwells in a noble palace, which he bought somehow just after the railway contract was arranged; he was made Secretary for Ecclesiastical Affairs Extraordinary, and his brother likewise held a government office, which about two years ago, for malpractices unfortunately too notorious, he was obliged to resign.

In the thriving house of Antonelli Brothers, besides those already spoken of, there is one, Angelo, who looks after the consolidation and investment of their gains. Through him the Cardinal has taken care to lay up his treasure safely beyond the reach of Roman political vicissitudes. He doubtless remembers the fate of Cardinal Coscia, Benedict XIII's omnipotent favourite, who by the successor of that Pontiff, complying with the outcry of popular indignation, was sentenced to disgorge his ill-gotten wealth. Coscia very ingeniously pleaded that nobody could help being rather a rogue at Rome; *al pubblico rubare non vi è chi resista*; and we might quote the avowals of several popes and cardinals in different ages, who ascribed this proclivity to "something in the air,"—to a peculiarity of the Roman climate. The atmosphere of Sonnino may not be so much in fault after all. But that has nothing to do with the investment of Cardinal Antonelli's property, whereby hangs a tale. It is, that one day Prince Torlonia offered to show the Pope a schedule of the Cardinal's various investments and bankers' balances in London and elsewhere, amounting to several millions of crowns; and though the addition which rumour made to this story, that Cardinal Wiseman was Torlonia's informant, has been denied by Wiseman, Torlonia has not denied that the rest of it is substantially true. It must, therefore, be acknowledged that the Pope's Prime Minister is a man of very great abilities, as shown by his success in the grand enterprise of his life.

He has enjoyed thirteen years of power. He controls every part of the administration. His political sagacity has brought the Papal dominion into such a plight as we see,—"a mutilated structure, soon to fall." The Romans are exasperated, Italy is provoked, the Papacy becomes disreputable, the French protector takes offence at the pertinacious rejection of every proposal for conciliation or reform. The priestly monarchy has lost five-sixths of its territory, from the general contempt and detestation of its government; but Cardinal Antonelli has grown enormously rich. He still passes with the doting Pontiff for a consummate diplomatist, and, by flattering the peevish vanity, by alternately exciting and soothing the jealousies, the nervous alarms of his feeble sovereign, he keeps the key of the state cupboard, which has been broken into and nearly emptied from behind. Come what may of the Pope's Roman principality, Cardinal Antonelli, in his fifty-sixth year, may hope for a long term of repose and enjoyment, though he should have to quit those dainty chambers in the Vatican, on a floor just above the Pope's apartments, where he has for some time dwelt. By the look of him as he glides along in some variegated church procession, or alights from his carriage, which often gallops, like no other, through the streets of Rome, he seems younger than he is. The stealthy, feline grace of that elastic figure, the firmness of his lips and ivory cheeks, the fire of his black eyes, the blackness of his wavy hair, are signs of his undiminished vigour in body and mind. He is punctual and precise in all the public and domestic observances of religion; his conscience is entrusted, as usual, to an appointed confessor, the Jesuit Father Mignardi, who is in high repute as a spiritual tutor; but it is understood that the Cardinal does not much profess the character of a saint or pietist, aspiring rather to shine as an accomplished man of the world. He mixes freely in the fashionable society of foreign visitors, and may sometimes be observed infusing into the ear of Eve the mellifluous distilment of his fascinating conversation. It has, indeed, been remarked, that foreign ladies who prove susceptible to the attractions of the Romish system, on being introduced within the charmed circle of the Papal courtiers, are pretty sure to be favoured by His Eminence with very particular attentions, for he desires to enlist their agency as its most efficient partisans; and more than one fair convert has been indebted to the Cardinal for substantial tokens of his regard. An affair last year, in which the wife of an English clergyman was concerned, gave rise to much gossip at the time. In the preliminary steps to an action before our own courts of law, it was proved by affidavit that the

sum of one thousand crowns had been lent by Cardinal Antonelli to that lady, without her husband's knowledge, to extricate her from some pecuniary embarrassments into which, by living with some extravagance at Rome in the husband's absence, she had unhappily fallen. In another case, it is said, the Cardinal was himself made the dupe of a French adventuress, who imposed herself upon him as a person of distinction and rank. He affects, in his more ordinary pastimes and amusements, to be a man of elegant and *recherche* taste. He is curious in cameos and in the setting of jewels; a collector of crystals and rare specimens of mineralogy; but not remarkable as a patron of literature, scholarship, or any serious pursuits of art. Cardinal Antonelli is what he is.

"Simply the thing I am shall make me live."

## Reviews of Books.

### CARLYLE'S FREDERICK THE GREAT.\*

MR. CARLYLE is about the only living writer whose opinions are of value, even when it is impossible to agree with them. No one is more fond than he of paradox, but few men's paradoxes hint at so important truths. No one with a more autocratic dogmatism sets up strong men as heroes, or condemns the hapless possessors of pot-bellies to infamy; but then his judgments, even where they cannot be confirmed, always enforce some weighty principle which we were in danger of forgetting. And if it sometimes happens that neither the hero nor the principles commend themselves, still the thoroughness of the execution and the fire with which all his writings are instinct never fail to make a great work. Thus Frederick the Great is a very questionable hero, and probably did as much harm to Europe as any one has ever done; but Mr. Carlyle's life of him, in spite of some defects, as they seem to us, in the execution, is a very great work. Mr. Carlyle has, indeed, peculiar qualifications for describing or composing a hero. As it is difficult to possess a virtue in the existence of which we disbelieve, so it is difficult to believe in and well describe a virtue in which we have no share; and though a bovine nature may not be requisite for the successful painting of cattle, it certainly requires some feeling of heroism to describe a hero. This is where Mr. Carlyle's strength lies. Whilst some hero-worshippers describe as from a distance, and by a kind of trigonometrical measurement of the height which towers above their reach, he is like Othello speaking of *Anthropophagi*, or, to invert the usual quotation, like Gracchus discoursing on sedition, and presents to us a great man in all his fire and force, by virtue of possessing a portion of the same qualities.

As Mr. Carlyle is specially qualified to write about heroes, so Frederick the Great had undoubtedly some traits which eminently fit him to be the hero of a great historical work. His simplicity and thoroughness distinguish him favourably, not only from his contemporaries, but from most other great men. In a century of charlatans, he almost alone could be depended on to speak the truth in general, even where it told against himself. In an age in which most men succeeded only by political *finesse*, he, though by no means free from the guilt of perfidy, still attained greatness by sterling qualities, by indomitable firmness, and by fertility of resource in a position of incomparable difficulty. His heroism was of a singularly plain kind. Many heroes loom larger through a mist of theatrical artifice which they have themselves created. Frederick is surrounded by no factitious atmosphere to distort his proportions and make them unreal. He was not one of those demi-gods who are enveloped in mystery and magnified by distance. He hardly at all exercised over his own age, and still less over succeeding times, that fascination by which Napoleon long made Europe regard him as invincible. Yet his plainness, and even his weaknesses, are not without effect. They make him mortal only that we may the better feel his height by a closer comparison. Both his greatness and his littleness, the qualities by which he is ennobled and those which make his nobility questionable, have marked him out for the subject of almost numberless writings. Voltaire alternately glorified him as the Platonic ideal of philosophy invested with supreme power, and lampooned him as a vain and brutal fool. Professor Ranke has anatomised his diplomacy. M. St. Beuve has shown him as the unaffected friend of men of letters and the devoted brother. Most numerous of all have been the military histories and criticisms. But no one has as yet presented him to us well in all his characters. Where the drawing has been good it has been incomplete, where it is complete it is blurred. Mr. Carlyle seems likely to supply the deficiency, though it is difficult, from the first three volumes—which include only thirty-two years,—to judge what will be the final effect of the whole, and though Frederick's greatness seems to be throughout exaggerated at the expense of his contemporaries.

The third volume of Mr. Carlyle's History covers about four years of Frederick's reign, from his accession to the month before the invasion of Bohemia in 1744. This period is, in some respects, the most important in his life, at least for the purposes of a biographer. Whilst his father lived, his temper could show itself only in endurance, and his ability was almost confined to literary trifling. Again, when he took up arms anew after the peace of Breslau, he thenceforward was committed to a contest for existence, in which the necessity of self-defence determined his actions, and his character was moulded by his position. But in the interval the whole world of possibilities was open to him, and he was free to choose his own policy, and to select his means. This, therefore, is the time to see his qualities in the making. He came to the throne a remarkable man, in whom the hereditary obstinacy of his race had taken the form of practical firmness, but by no means as yet the hero he was to be. His heroism had to be learned, not merely brought out, in adversity—in bearing up against a world in arms. The volume which traces this part of his career is divided into four books. The first shows him as playing something of the part of a new broom, and with a liberality perhaps singular in his age, tolerating all forms of religion, abolishing torture, granting freedom to the press, and forming magazines for the relief of the starving. As yet, indeed, he hardly knew his own mind. In one of his last letters to Suhm, he disclaims all passion for military glory,

\* History of Friedrich II. of Prussia, called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. Vol. III. London: Chapman & Hall. 1862.

and represents himself as living only for literary and philosophic aims, and for the happiness of his people. Suhm read him more truly, and his estimate of him soon received confirmations on the death of the Austrian emperor. He plunged at once into the Silesian war, of which the next two books contain the history. As this is far the most important event of this volume, and the first important public action of Frederick, it is worth while to consider how far it affects his claim to be an exceptionally great man. It is, perhaps, needless to repeat the story of Maria Theresa's defencelessness, when half Europe seized the moment of her bereavement to violate its solemn sanction of her rights. It certainly was not decent in the King of Prussia to seize the same moment to *revindicate* Silesia on the pretext of an antiquated claim, and to plant another unlooked for arrow in her side; but then regard for decency is hardly required from heroes. Nor, perhaps, is it worth while to insist on the disastrous consequences of his policy to Europe, on the incalculable amount of suffering entailed on Germany, and through it on France, that Prussia might reach to the Riesengebirge; for it is probable that the King had not reckoned on the indomitable spirit of the Empress, and that he believed that all would acquiesce in the accomplished fact.

But there are two things which require to be noticed. In the first place, the means employed by Frederick, the double perfidy of the abandonment of France in 1741 and the abandonment of Austria in 1744, had not the excuse of necessity to justify them. We agree with Smelfungus, that it was an immorality and a dishonour, not to be excused on the ground that "the dice on both sides seem to be loaded; that logic might be chopped upon it for ever; that a candid mind will settle what degree of wisdom (which is always essentially veracity), and what of folly (which is always falsity), there was in Friedrich and the others; whether, or to what degree, there was a better course open to Friedrich in the circumstances: and, in fine, it will have to be granted that you cannot work in pitch and keep hands evidently clean." Nor is it enough to ask how otherwise the desired result could have been attained; for the necessity for attaining it at all was of Frederick's own making. Also, after all lengths of apology, the fact will still remain to tell against his heroism, that lies are a sign of weakness. We must, however, do Mr. Carlyle the justice of admitting that he does not defend these actions in themselves, but only slurs them over in his estimate of Frederick. This is by no means an unimportant or nominal distinction. There is really a great difference between pleading, on the one hand, that though A certainly took B's money, yet this was not a theft, because others have done the same, or because B had also wronged A, or because A was much in want; and saying, on the other hand, that he took the money, and that it was an outrageous theft, adding only that you think not much the worse of him because his greatness is enough to carry off a great deal. The one apology every one might apply to his own actions, the other does less harm, partly because there is no serious apology made for the crime as a crime, and partly because no one can mistake himself for a hero. The second thing which it is important to notice in these campaigns is that there is as yet little or no promise of the great generalship of the Seven Years' War. No one would attach any weight to Frederick's flight from the field of Mollwitz, but, as Mr. Carlyle does not forget to state, the victory of Mollwitz was wholly, and that of Chotusitz chiefly, due to the steadiness of the Prussian infantry, the credit of which belonged entirely to Frederick William and his generals. Indeed, the Prussian tactics on the first of these occasions seem to have been extremely bad. Otherwise it is impossible to account for the fact that though the rapidity of the Prussian fire was as five to two, still the loss of the Prussians exceeded that of the Austrians. It is difficult to resist the conclusion that great generalship was not natural to Frederick, but was slowly learned by reverses.

In the last book he is again at peace, though the war, of which he was in a great measure the occasion, did not cease to convulse Europe. The greater part of the book is occupied with the manœuvrings of the French and Austrian armies, which, except in their results, do not much concern the character of Frederick, and which seems to us to be described at a disproportionate length. We will quote a passage from the description of the battle of Dettingen, as a specimen of the style of grave and tempered caricature in which this history is written:—

"King Frederick's private accounts, deformed by ridicule, are, that the Britannic Majesty, his respectable old uncle, finding the French there barring his way to breakfast, understood simply that there must and should be fighting, of the toughest; but had no plan or counsel farther: that he did at first side up, to see what was what with his own eyes; but that his horse ran away with him, frightened at the cannon; upon which he hastily got down; drew sword; put himself at the head of his Hanoverian infantry (on the right wing), and stood,—left foot drawn back, sword pushed out, in the form of a fencing-master doing lunge,—steadily in that defensive attitude, inexpugnable like the rocks, till all was over, and victory gained. This is defaced by the spirit of ridicule, and not quite correct. Britannic Majesty's horse (one of those 500 fine animals) did, it is certain, at last dangerously run away with him; upon which he took to his feet and his Hanoverians. But he had been repeatedly on horseback, in the earlier stages; galloping about, to look with his own eyes, could they have availed him; and was heard encouraging his people, and speaking even in the English language, 'Steady, my boys; fire, my brave boys, give them fire; they will soon run!' Latterly, there can be no doubt, he stood (and, to our imagination, he may fitly stand throughout) in the above attitude of lunge; no fear in him, and no plan; 'sans peur et sans avis,' as we might term it. Like a real Hanoverian Sovereign of England; like England itself, and its ways in those German wars. A typical epitome of long sections of English history, that attitude of lunge!" (p. 677).

The victory of Dettingen seemed likely to raise the Austrian, and depress the French power too much, for the advantage of Frederick. He again changed sides; and here we leave him for the present, on the eve of invading Bohemia, and again embroiling Europe, with a character which has been growing at once in unscrupulousness and ability throughout the first four years of his reign.

The chief fault in the execution of the history is the fantastic and spasmodic style, which suited well enough the strange events and characters of the French revolution, but which seems to be out of place in the history of so plain and practical a man as Frederick II. The book would have been twice as good if it had been written more simply. Yet it must not be forgotten that the style is in a great degree the natural outgrowth of the thoughts.

The two are, perhaps, inseparable, and we must be content to take the one with the other. At any rate, Mr. Carlyle's worst extravagancies are in good taste as compared with the affectation of his imitators, whose books, "edited by human nightmares," are caricatures of a caricature. Perhaps the worst blemish of style is the interminable digressions, the gratuitous reflections of "our constitutional historian," of Smelfungus and Sauerteig and Dryasdust, whom we cannot but regard as intrusive nuisances. We shrink from the long-winded commentaries of a chorus of old men in a Greek play, but Smelfungus and Dryasdust are infinitely worse. No *πνίγει* or choke-piece can exhaust their practised lungs. Their interminable harangues sadly interrupt the flow of the narrative. But, these blemishes excepted, we cannot sufficiently admire the truthfulness and thoroughness with which Mr. Carlyle has done his work. No writer produces such an impression of perfect trustworthiness in matters of fact. His incomparable diligence has omitted no labour which might conduce to the clear understanding of the subject. In particular, the battles of the Silesian campaign are now, for the first time, made intelligible by accurate description of the localities. The same scrupulousness is extended to cases where the fiction was more pleasing than the fact. Thus we are ruthlessly deprived of the "Moriamur pro rege nostro Mariä Theresia," which turns out never to have been spoken at all. This minute fidelity has, indeed, its drawbacks. It took two volumes to place Frederick on the throne and to trace the antecedents of his family. It has taken a third to cover little more than four years of his reign, and probably at least three more will be necessary to conclude it. We observe that the promise of completion in four volumes, which was held out in the first two, has been dropped from the title-page of this one.

In conclusion, it must not be forgotten that in the "Proem" in the first volume, Mr. Carlyle confessed the imperfection of Frederick's heroism. "Friedrich," he allowed, "is by no means one of the perfect demigods; and there are various things to be said against him with good ground. To the last, a questionable hero, with much in him which one could have wished not there, and much wanting which one could have wished." For many reasons, indeed, it is hard to accept him as a hero. That is a title which ought to be reserved for those who have made themselves the representatives of some great cause, who have identified their greatness with the success of a great principle affecting the welfare of their nation or of the world. Mere force is hardly enough, but the claims of Frederick the Great rest on little else. No doubt he was a fine military genius, probably the finest which Germany has produced. He possessed also an eminently practical mind and an almost infinite capacity for labour, and that in an age and amongst a people of unpractical *doctrinaires*. But it is difficult to point out any great thing which he accomplished, except perhaps the establishment of Prussia as a counterpoise to Austrian influence.

It is for the interest of great men's memories, as well as of those who wish to attach some definite conception of worth to the name of hero, that candidates for that title should be scrutinized. If a vague impression of force is to be allowed to secure easy admission to the list, great names will suffer by juxtaposition with spurious pretenders, and the title of hero will be looked on with suspicion, which is certainly not a desirable consummation. This must be our excuse, if we have attempted to play the part of devil's advocate at the canonization of Frederick the Great.

#### THE HORSE OF THE DESERT.\*

"THAT noble animal, the horse," is strangely linked to human destiny. The ancestors of civilization half deified the men who first were struck with the idea of mounting on horseback; and to this day one of the most widespread religions of the globe couples the care of horses with the hopes of salvation. The Prophet says:—

"Happiness in this world, rich booty, and the rewards of eternity are bound to the forelock of horses."

"When any one cannot fulfil all his religious duties, let him keep a horse for the sake of Heaven, and all his sins will be forgiven."

"The horse brought up truly in the way of righteousness, for the holy war, will preserve his master from the fire in the day of resurrection."

Nor is there any doubt that so much of these rewards as is temporal has been in fact the portion of the chief horse-cultivating nations. Centaurs and Amazons, Persians and Parthians, Scythians and Huns, Arab cavaliers and Christian knights, Polish cavalry and English dragoons, have upheld, in all times, the prowess of horsemen. But what shall we say to this generation respecting the eternal rewards suggested by the Prophet as appertaining to the care of his favourite animal? The youthful Persian, we know, received an education divided into three parts—to ride, to shoot with the bow, and to speak the truth. These accomplishments have been somewhat severed in our later British practice. Your "horsy" man can generally, indeed, in one sense draw the bow, but it is in a sense not quite compatible with the third branch of Persian pedagogy. In point of fact, it seems as if among us much traffic with horses exercised a distinctly prejudicial influence on morals. Was such a creature as an honest horse-dealer ever known? Does any man like to sell a horse to, or buy a horse of, his dearest friend—for does he not know that even if he does not cheat, he shall scarce escape the suspicion of having cheated? As to racing, which, according to Mahomet, is one of the three things which the angels watch over (the other two being the exercises of a warrior and the love of husband and wife), what shall we dare to say, in this Derby week, of such an occupation for the angels?

After all, perhaps we can reconcile these contradictions most completely by simply eliminating from the question that which is the root of evil in everything, the money element. Take away those who look on horses only as instruments for making money,—your dealers, public and private, your professed and regular betting men, your legs of every description,—and probably, there remains no finer specimen of modern chivalry than the modern sportsman. There is, indeed, something essentially ennobling in the unconscious education derived from associating with animals which, like the horse and dog, approach so near humanity in moral character, while the brute part

\* Les Chevaux du Sahara et les Mœurs du Désert. Par E. Daumas, Général de Division, Séneleur. Nouvelle édition, revue et augmentée, avec des commentaires, par l'Emir Abd-el-Kader. Publié avec l'autorisation du Ministre de la Guerre. Paris: Hachette. 1862.

in them courage, tenderness as brotherhood more than willingness native feelings man (not to Melton caring nothing dogs, on handed to the best in Europe more generous the charge when coal literary man then true drawn from call for an Daumas, so devoting elaborate, treated am in the world been trans improved, The first that the he same as in a personage learned in from being he tells us, the hill and the breed of their acknowledged Arab king Prophet, a modern test Breeding S and Northern of the East.

"After the Aleppo to the Among the *Horas*, containing a brief note, which filled me with had the kind with more interest the Arab horse strange people Morocco, the a separation Bagdad, with and things very manners of the have shown up before the im of the horse—

We English the barb and drawn from the steed came from Darley Arabians Fairfax's Mon Godolphin Arab was a barb, the precisely known

Touching the General Daumas Chasseur d'Afghanistan. It is made of 12 st. 7 lbs. in 31 days, 31 lbs. salt, for five days ditto, 44 lbs. diminishes danger, and need on a long and burdened, the cost of 25 to 30 lemons common journeys horses are ready he believes they have been done by the Prophet, that in a day, had they been eat or drink is good in the morning to carry the horse prejudicial. The makes flesh." Green food, or the

in them yields with docility before his loftier intellect. In high spirit, in courage, in noble emulation, in disdain of every base advantage, in affectionate tenderness, in lasting gratitude for every kindness, these dumb beasts are as brethren with the best of us. That with which nature has endowed them more than us—their speed, and strength, and delicacy of sense,—they devote willingly and proudly to our service; and that which in them savours still of native fierceness we can by gentleness wholly eradicate. Companionship with such creatures, for such purposes, cannot be hurtful to intellect or feeling. So the yeoman keeping his bit of blood, so the regular hunting man (not he whose home for the season is London, and who only runs down to Melton when the weather is favourable to his steeple-chase propensities, caring nothing for hunting proper), so the steady shot, with his brace of dogs, on moor, or stubble, or fen (not the battue man who has his gun handed to him and only fires it), may fairly be counted, one and all, as in the best sense the first gentlemen in Europe, for there is no class of men in Europe who are higher in principle, truer in heart, franker in bearing, or more generous in feeling. The time was, indeed, when they were open to the charge of rough manners and want of education. But that was a time when coarseness was the vice of every rank, and when none but professed literary men were literate. Squire Western or Squire Osbaldeston were then true pictures; now the country justice in "Barnaby Rudge" is obviously drawn from books and not from life. And so we need make no apology, nor call for any interpreter, in introducing to the sportsmen of England General Daumas, senator of France, who, nurtured in the Algerian wars, and specially devoting himself to the investigation of Arab customs, has written a most elaborate, interesting, and valuable work on the horse, as he is known and treated among those who, with the English, are the most skilled in horseflesh in the world. A first edition of this work was published in 1852; it has been translated into Spanish and German, and a new edition, considerably improved, has just been issued.

The first point to which General Daumas devotes himself is to establish that the horse and his treatment in the African desert are essentially the same as in Arabia Proper. To this effect he cites the authority of no less a personage than Abd-el-Kader, himself a consummate horseman, and learned in all the traditions of his race. According to him the barb, far from being a degenerate Arab, is an Arab of the purest blood. The Berbers, he tells us, were originally located in Palestine; driven thence they passed the hill and spread over the whole of the north of Africa, carrying with them the breed of horses of their native clime. Abd-el-Kader quotes, in support of their acknowledged purity of blood, the authority of Aamroon-el-Kais, an Arab king of a poetical turn, who lived a little before the advent of the Prophet, and who preferred the barb to the horse of his own land. More modern testimony comes from M. Petimand, Inspector-General of the French Breeding Studs, who was despatched by government to travel in Syria and Northern Arabia for the purpose of securing horses of the purest blood of the East. He writes:—

"After three years of travel among the tribes which camp from Diarbekir and Aleppo to the borders of the Nedjed, I returned to Bagdad in January last. Among the newspapers which awaited me, I found a number of the *Journal des Haras*, containing an article on the horse of the Sahara. The perusal of this too brief note, which denoted so profound an acquaintance with Arabia and its horse, filled me with the wish to possess the entire work. On my arrival in France you had the kindness to send it me, for which accept my thanks. No one could read with more interest than I a work which you might certainly have entitled, 'Of the Arab Horse of Asia and Africa,' for such is the force of tradition among this strange people, that at every line I recognized in the habits of the Arabs of Morocco, the habits of their ancestors, the Koreych and the Nedjed; and that after a separation of many ages. In 1851 I descended the Tigris, from Mosoul to Bagdad, with a volume of Herodotus in my hands. All his descriptions of men and things were still full of reality. Thus 2,300 years ago, he depicted the manners of the Arabs of to-day with the same fidelity with which you, General, have shown us in Africa, the Arabs of Asia. Time and space are powerless before the immobility of such manners—intestine wars, the chase, *fantasias*, love of the horse—I have seen them all in Asia just as you describe for Africa."

We English shall be the more disposed to admit the essential identity of the barb and the Arabian, when we recollect that the root of our "blood" is drawn from the former. The first distinct improvement in our indigenous breed came from the barb horses and mares imported by Charles II. The Darley Arabian, the next cross, was from the Levant, but he was followed by Fairfax's Morocco barb; and there is even good reason to suppose that the Godolphin Arabian, to which may be traced back all our best racing blood, was a barb, though having been purchased out of a cart in Paris, nothing is precisely known of his pedigree.

Touching the strength and power of endurance of the Arab horse, General Daumas gives some interesting details. The weight carried by a Chasseur d'Afrique, when starting on an expedition, amounts to about 25 stone. It is made up thus. Weight of rider, with arms and accoutrements, 12 st. 7 lbs. Saddle and bridle, with pistol, 3 st. 11 lbs. Bread for two days, 3½ lbs. Biscuit for three days, 3½ lbs. Coffee, sugar, lard, rice, and salt, for five days, 5½ lbs. Preserved forage for five days, 55 lbs. Barley ditto, 44 lbs. Cartridges, 3 lbs. Four shoes, 3½ lbs. This total, of course, diminishes daily; but it is for the first day about 42 lbs. more than a Carabineer, and nearly 60 lbs. more than a Cuirassier, in France, and it is carried on a long and rapid march through a difficult country. When less heavily burdened, the desert horses will make, for five or six successive days, journeys of 25 to 30 leagues—the league being about 2½ English miles. In a single twenty-four hours, it is not rare to find them cover 50 or 60 leagues. This is a common journey for the scouts, when on a marauding expedition, and the horses are ready for the combat next day. General Daumas cites cases which he believes thoroughly authenticated, in which 80 leagues and upwards have been done; and the Arab riders swore to him by the head of the Prophet, that their horses could have done 40 leagues more the following day, had they been pressed. It may be observed that in such cases little to eat or drink is given on the way, nor, as a rule, do the Arabs feed their horses in the morning before mounting. They trust to the food of the night before to carry the horse on through the day, and believe a morning feed to be prejudicial. They have a proverb, "Morning feed makes dung, evening feed makes flesh." In winter, spring, and autumn, when the horses obtain some green food, or the aromatic plants of the desert, they water them only once a

day, at two o'clock in the afternoon; but, when practicable, they substitute camel or sheep's milk for barley. In the height of summer, there is little food but barley and barley straw, and then water is given morning and evening. If the blood becomes heated, they diminish the work and give barley cut green, and bathe the animal. Great virtue is attributed to milk in maintaining condition. Summer and winter the animal is kept clothed, and in extremes of temperature he is brought within the tent.

But for speed and strength the first foundation, in the eyes of the Arab as of the Englishman, is purity of blood. The desert tribes have a variety of famous races, the pedigrees of which are preserved as carefully as in the *Racing Calendar*, and any intermixture of inferior blood is accounted a most serious deterioration of the practical value of the horse. In their care respecting breeding they set us, in some points, an example by which we might usefully profit. The mare is believed to be most proper for this purpose between the fourth and twelfth year, and the horses between the sixth and fourteenth. The mare is only allowed to breed once in every two years, unless the poverty of the owner compels him to deprive her of this period of rest; and the horse serves only four to eight times in the season. No price is asked for this use; every Arab, however poor, is considered to have an equal right to the benefit, provided only his mare be of pure blood. It is evident how much these ideas must tend to the improvement of the race. Of the two parents the sire is considered that which contributes most to the qualities of the offspring. Thus the produce of a thorough-bred sire and a half-bred mare is more esteemed than if the dam had been thorough-bred and the horse a "cocktail." During gestation the mare is worked moderately, so as to keep her in firm condition. Sometimes she may drop her foal when on an expedition, and in such a case the Arab cavalier will, if possible, carry it in his arms on the front of the saddle till it can follow its mother. It is as speedily as possible taught to drink camel or sheep's milk, so as to relieve the dam from the burden of suckling.

The foal is brought up as one of the children of the tent, and is constantly associated with them. Its practical education begins very early. At eighteen months the colt is mounted by a child, and gradually put through pretty hard work. Till five years old it is not subjected to any severe strain on its energies. The Arabs believe that this early work is necessary for the full development of its muscles and bones, as well as for insuring its perfect education, while the subsequent long-continued exercise allows them to consolidate thoroughly. Their horses, in virtue of this education, are generally free from vice; but when correction is necessary it is unsparing. The spur is a tremendous weapon, and it is, by the skilful horseman, not jobbed in as with us, but drawn back and upwards, leaving a bloody score, from the girth to the loins. Expertness in this is one of the crowning accomplishments of a cavalier, and Abd-el-Kader's address on horseback is admirably described in the exclamation, "Abd-el-Kader, why he can cross his spurs over his horse's loins!" The paces chiefly taught are the walk and gallop; the trot is despised; but when they do use it the Arabs rise in the stirrups as we do. They care little which foot leads in the canter. An odd expedient is resorted to with a view to straighten and strengthen the back. The foal, when first sent out to the pastures, is hobbled, one fore-foot being secured by a very short cord to the hind-foot on the same side, so that in grazing the back is, perchance, arched! As a rule, the Arabs hobble instead of tethering their horses, but when grown up it is by tying either the two fore-legs or the two hind-legs together, the hobbles being very short and attached above either the knee or the hocks. If by the fetlocks, they say that ringbone is produced.

General Daumas gives us a very satisfactory explanation of the relative value attached by the Arabs to horses and mares, and of the difficulty of persuading them to part with the latter. The horse they consider the faster and more powerful. But in war the mare is of more use, because she does not neigh on approaching strange steeds, and because she bears hunger and thirst and heat better. In peace she is more valuable, because she may be sent to the pastures without a special attendant, but, above all, because she becomes, by reproduction, a source of wealth to the owner, who may sometimes realize from three to four thousand pounds for the produce of a single mare. So according to their proverb, "The head of riches is a mare which gives birth to a mare;" and Mahomet elevated the principle into a religious dogma, when he said, "Prefer mares, their belly is a treasure, and their back a seat of honour." Thus it happens that the Arabs sell to their neighbours the greater proportion of the colts they breed, but preserve the fillies for their own service. This explanation is quite consistent with their attaching a greater value to the horse than to the mare in selecting the animals from which to breed, and it shows us that Abd-el-Kader, who has just sent some of the purest entire horses in Arabia to the Emperor of the French, has sent what his countrymen consider intrinsically the most valuable, although their peculiar local situation and customs induce them to part with them more readily than they would with mares of equally high race. The African Emir is, indeed, General Daumas's principal authority for the information thus given.

We may conclude with the rules laid down by the same renowned authority for indicating the points of a horse of pure race. He ought to have three things long, three short, three broad, three pure. The three long are the ears, the forehead, and the forelegs; the three short are the bone of the tail, the hindlegs, and the back; the three broad are the forehead, the chest, and the quarters; the three pure are the skin, the eyes, and the feet. He should have the withers high, the flanks fine, not fleshy, the tail well furnished near the root, the eye inclining as if to look at the nose, the forelock full, the nostrils wide, their cavities entirely black (if partly white it is a sign of inferiority), the fetlocks small, the hoof round and hard, the frogs hard and dry. He should be able to drink from a stream level with the surface on which he stands without bending the fore-legs. The colours most prized are a dark bay or chestnut (the latter esteemed the fastest), brown or black. Black are, however, thought less safe in rocky ground; white are considered soft. Roan, dun, and iron grey are little esteemed. A blaze, if all down the face, is approved, so are three white legs; but the rules on this matter are very fanciful. All these doctrines are supported by an infinity of proverbs, poetical quotations, and religious maxims, but it will be seen that they accord generally with our own ideas. Much importance is attached to a well-lying shoulder and to breadth of chest, both as a security against interfering, and as giving room for the lungs. A practical rule for

recognizing the development of the forehand is to measure the distance from the extremity of the bone of the tail, along the back to the centre of the withers, then from that point along the neck and crest, down the face to the upper lip. If the two measurements are equal, the horse will prove good, but of middling speed. If the length is greater behind than before, the animal wants power. If it is greater before than behind, he is energetic, and the greater the difference in measurement the greater his superiority. The Count d'Aure, late chief of the School of Cavalry, and now inspector-general of the imperial studs, assures General Daumas that he has tested this rule in more than a hundred cases, and found it unfailing.

Our sporting readers will now, we think, agree with us, that the work from which we have culled these few details, well merits their perusal. They will find in it a great mass of information, always of interest to the lovers of horseflesh, and often full of instruction. As for the insignificant individuals who at this time of the year still think man the more important animal of the two, we may inform them that they will find, in the second part of General Daumas's book, an equally rich store of observations on the manners and customs of the biped, as he is found under the sun of the African desert. We have not time, at present, to do more for them than mention this fact.

#### GUIZOT'S EMBASSY TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S.\*

THIS book is made up of two distinct parts,—the one embracing a narrative of the diplomatic negotiations carried through by M. Guizot during his residence in England in 1840; the other consisting of M. Guizot's views of English manners and society, accompanied by sketches of the various political and literary celebrities with whom the French ambassador came in contact. The result of this combination is one of the most flagrant examples of idle book-making we have ever seen.

It cannot, we think, be instructive to any one, it certainly is not interesting to have to peruse, at this distance of time, a record of the various interviews between M. Guizot and Lord Palmerston, on the vital question of the Sicilian sulphurs. We can derive nothing but a very languid sort of amusement from reading the bombastic despatch in which M. Thiers instructs his ambassador to demand the body of Napoleon from the English Government; and that amusement is succeeded only by a feeling of puzzled surprise, when we are told that M. Guizot calmed the anxieties of his friends on this occasion by the following remarks, the exact language of which he is fortunate enough to remember:—"Free countries are three-decked men-of-war (why three-decked?). They exist in the midst of tempests; they mount, they descend, and the waves which agitate are also those which bear and impel them onwards. I love this kind of life, and the scenes it supplies. I participate in them in France; I witness them in England. Here are objects worth living for! Few, indeed, are the things of which so much can be said." A certain amount of interest does perhaps attach to the negotiations which ended in the Eastern war of 1840, and the repulse of Mehemet Ali from Syria. But they are narrated at far too great length. No good end surely is served by quoting in full all the despatches and memoranda that were written on the occasion, besides giving a record of all the conversations which took place on the subject. If any end is served at all it is this, that the hesitating policy and groundless jealousies of France are brought out in strong contrast with the vigour and straightforwardness of Lord Palmerston. M. Guizot himself admits that the French Government—and, indeed, the French nation—were quite in the wrong on the whole matter. "All," he says, "had placed the Egyptian question higher than the interests of France required; all had rejected the settlement proposed; all had considered Mehemet Ali stronger, and the enterprise of the Four Powers more difficult than it was found to be." He is less candid in his estimate of the great Minister by whom the designs of France were thwarted. Indeed, it is abundantly obvious that he does not like Lord Palmerston. Our foreign Secretary is accused of self-love and obstinacy; and is finally condemned as "a politician personally susceptible and exceptionable." This is natural enough. Loss of the game is often accompanied by loss of temper; and we forgive M. Guizot the more readily because his own record affords us the most convincing proofs, if any proofs were needed, of the honesty and ability of our present Premier. It is curious to find the man whom Mr. Disraeli is now accusing of hostility towards France, opening negotiations, in 1840, with the French Ambassador, in the following words:—"The superior and predominant interests of the two countries," he said to me, "will ever, in the end, dissipate the clouds which sometimes are raised up between them by accidental facts, or the mischievous efforts of certain organs of the periodical press."

Laying aside the feelings naturally caused by a sense of defeat, we suspect that M. Guizot could never have had much in common with Lord Palmerston. The natures of the two men are essentially different. The frank simplicity of the Englishman must have contrasted strangely with the consciousness, and, if we may use the word, the priggishness which this autobiographical work reveals to us as marked characteristics of the Frenchman. The vanity of M. Guizot displays itself most amusingly in what he tells us of his own feelings, and the people whom he liked, and who liked him, and said civil things to him. On his first introduction to Lord Aberdeen we are told that "I felt, and, I may say, we reciprocated, a prompt and natural attraction." Lord Lansdowne, also, "invariably expressed to me, both for the friendly relations of his country with mine, and for myself personally, a reserved but sincere good-will." And Lord Grey, in his declining years, "was fully sensible of the respectful attention I evinced towards him on all occasions. I often called upon him, and he was evidently gratified by my visits." Nor should this gratification on the part of the old statesman occasion any surprise; for we are assured that "I incline naturally towards exalted minds when somewhat enfeebled. Their noble nature pleases me, and it seems as if I console their weakness." It is impossible not to be reminded of one of Miss Austen's best characters, the pompous Mr. Collins, offering to his patroness, Lady Catherine, "those delicate little compliments which are always acceptable to ladies." The same vanity has induced M. Guizot to load his pages with long and most common-place quotations from his letters written at the time; and to give us in full a noways remarkable oration of his own delivered at the Royal Academy dinner, with regard

\* An Embassy to the Court of St. James's in 1840. By F. Guizot, Ambassador from His Majesty Louis-Philippe. London: Richard Bentley. 1862.

to which he is careful to inform us that "the reception given to these words assured me that they were understood and approved." We hardly think we can read a more comical passage than the following, in which we are told why M. Guizot enjoyed Holland House:—

"I found in it an aspect essentially historical and social, through I know not how many generations. I have a horror of oblivion, of what passes away quickly. Nothing pleases me so much as that which has the air of durability and lasting memory. I can taste the agreeable incidents of the moment, which fly and leave no trace; but the pleasure they give me is little and fugitive as themselves. I require my enjoyments to be in accordance with my more serious instincts, to inspire me with the sentiment of greatness and perpetuation. I cannot slake my thirst, and thoroughly refresh myself, except at deep springs."

The style of this is much the style of the celebrated "Defiance," in which it is recorded that Mr. Elijah Pogram defied the universe. Buckingham Palace can be described in humbler strains:—

"On Thursday, the 5th of March, I dined for the first time with the Queen. Neither during the dinner nor in the drawing-room afterwards, was the conversation animated or interesting. Political subjects were entirely avoided; we sat round a circular table, before the Queen, who was on a sofa; two or three of her ladies were endeavouring to work; Prince Albert played at chess; Lady Palmerston and I, with some effort, carried on a flagging dialogue. I observed over the three doors of the apartment three portraits: Fénelon; the Czar, Peter the Great; and Anne Hyde, daughter of Lord Clarendon, the first wife of James II. I felt surprise at this association of three persons so incongruous. No one had remarked it, and no one could explain the reason. I thought of one; the portraits were selected for their size—they fitted well in their respective places."

We cannot help thinking that the above might have been more appropriately written by the editor of the *Court Journal* than by a statesman of eminence; nor does the great picture discovery seem to us calculated to confer additional distinction on the author of the "History of Civilization."

The whole of the chapter on English Society is also disappointing in the highest degree. The tone is pretentious, but the execution is insufficient. The sketches of character are, as a general rule, dogmatical and unsatisfactory. The estimate of Sydney Smith is a conspicuous failure. M. Guizot has failed to appreciate the rare character of the frank, fearless, honest churchman, much from the same reasons which prevented his appreciating the character of Lord Palmerston. Perhaps the best of all the portraits is the portrait of Lady Holland, representing her ladyship, and we suspect truly representing her, as a very disagreeable woman:—

"Lady Holland was much more purely English than her husband. Sharing with him the philosophic ideas of the eighteenth French century, in politics she was a thoroughly aristocratic Whig, without the slightest Radical tendency, proudly Liberal, and as strongly attached to social hierarchy, as faithful to her party and her friends. She possessed greatness and strength of mind, with an air of authority natural and acquired; she was often imperious, sometimes affable, dignified even in her caprice, well informed without pretension; and though sufficiently egotistical in fact, capable of attachment; above all, of that careful and delicate attention which renders so easy and agreeable the familiar details of life. She conceived a favourable impression of me, and evinced it not only in her kind reception, but in rendering me, unperceived, various good offices, and in giving me, occasionally, useful hints. She lent me books which might be either useful or amusing. She was anxious that I should not commit too many errors in speaking English, and corrected me with friendly solicitude. I happened once to repeat a popular proverb, 'Hell is paved with good intentions; ' she inclined towards me and whispered, 'Pardon my impertinence; we never use the word *hell* here, unless in quoting from Milton; high poetry is the only excuse.' Like many others in England, she was an epicure, and alive to the merits of a good dinner. Soon after I had established myself in London, whither I had brought an excellent cook, long in the service of M. de Tallyrand, Lady Holland wrote to Paris: 'M. Guizot pleases all the world here, including the Queen. The public augurs well from his having placed the celebrated Louis at the head of his kitchen; few things contribute more to popularity in London than good cheer.'"

And, to complete the picture, we must add the following, in which epicurism is clearly in the ascendant, and quite above its level:—

"A few weeks later Lady Holland came to dine with me; she had eaten no breakfast that morning, and was impatient to go to table; Lord Palmerston did not arrive until half-past eight. Lady Holland began to lose her temper, proceeding to real vexation, and finally to exhaustion. When dinner was at last announced, she called Lord Duncannon, and committed herself to his care; 'for I am not sure,' she said, 'that I can go so far without being ill.' The dinner, which pleased her, dissipated both the ill-humour and faintness; but I am by no means certain that she did not always retain a slight grudge against me for having, on that day, waited for Lord and Lady Palmerston."

We think it doubtful whether our northern readers will accept the following description of Lord Jeffrey:—

"The Scotch critic, at sixty-seven, bore the impress of the trials and mistakes of life. Profoundly thoughtful and sagacious, his mind had more activity and firmness than inclination to indulge in brilliant and distant hopes. Sincerely attached to the principles he had maintained and the party he had served with ardour, he had some misgivings as to their evil tendencies and chances. He had exercised literary criticism with as much integrity and independence as penetration and judgment; but he was tired of criticising, and scarcely found anything left to admire. He liked conversation, argument, the exchange and encounter of ideas; he was fertile, ingenious, vigorously sound without pedantry; but his social tastes were counteracted and cooled by his increasing preference for his small country-house near Edinburgh, for domestic life and quiet meditation in the bosom of attractive natural scenery."

M. Guizot's criticisms on Mr. Hallam and Lord Macaulay are, perhaps, the most valuable portion of this chapter. It is plain, that he prefers Mr. Hallam on the whole; indeed, that might have been inferred from the characteristics of M. Guizot's own writings. But he does justice to the brilliancy of the historian of England, though he repeats the frequent but still unproven accusation of party-spirit. M. Guizot thinks, however, that Lord Macaulay's Whig prejudices were away as he advanced in his work; and he draws this conclusion both from the tone of the history itself, and from "personal evidence not less conclusive." Our readers will be amused to hear that the personal evidence consists simply in the fact that Lord Macaulay admits

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\* Handbook to the  
Turner Palgrave, Fel  
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M. Guizot to send his son to King's College rather than to London University. Lord Macaulay was, beyond doubt, a keen politician; but there never was a time in his life when he would have deliberately recommended an inferior school because it happened to have been founded by Whigs. M. Guizot seems to have appreciated the information and wonderful conversational power of the historian. He describes, with evident pleasure what must have been a most enviable visit to Westminster Abbey:—

"During three or four hours I wandered with Mr. Macaulay through that monumental gallery of England and her families; I stopped him or he stopped me at every step; at one time in reply to my questions, at another anticipating them, he explained an allegorical monument, reminded me of a long-forgotten fact, related an anecdote little known, or recited some beautiful passage from the writers or orators whose names we encountered. We passed before the statue of Lord Chatham, standing with his head elevated, and his arm advanced as if enforcing a burst of eloquence; before him, at his feet, was inscribed on a simple stone, the name of his son, William Pitt, placed there until the completion and substitution of the monument dedicated to his memory. 'Might one not say,' observed Mr. Macaulay, 'that the father rises, and there publicly delivers the funeral oration of his son?' At this thought some of the most beautiful speeches of Lord Chatham thronged on his memory, from which he quoted select passages. The monuments of the great writers, whether in prose or verse, called forth the same abundant display, the same inspiration of memory. Milton and Addison were favourites with him, and he detained me several minutes before their names, gratifying himself by recalling incidents of their lives or passages from their works, almost as much as he excited my delight in listening to him."

But the fault of all others to be reprobated in M. Guizot is his tendency to indulge in idle personal gossip. We don't believe that Sydney Smith objected to dine out on Sundays, and yet "dared not say this to Lady Holland, who invites him on that day to perplex him." We can hardly credit such an amount of ill-breeding on the part of a woman who enjoyed giving pain as keenly as Lady Holland appears to have done; and we do not at all credit such a want of manliness on the part of one of the most manly men that ever lived. Mr. Thackeray might have characteristically observed that Mrs. Fry "took pleasure in causing to be brought into the drawing-room a large portfolio, and showing the portraits and letters of important persons, elevated in rank or intellect, with whom she had been in communication;" but to chronicle such a very pardonable weakness in a lady was not worthy of M. Guizot. And it was utterly unbecoming to quote from a letter written more than twenty years ago, a passage so calculated to give pain as the following:—

"Mrs. Grote is become a person of importance. Lady Palmerston has invited her to an evening party. The day before yesterday I heard Lady Holland arranging a little plot for her dining at Holland House next week, and begged Lord John Russell not on any account to be absent, and to make himself agreeable to Mrs. Grote. There will be no cordiality on either side. She is ambitious and wants position. They will scarcely make enough of her. Aristocratic complaisance will not reach the level of citizen pride."

Nor do we in the least care to know that "Lady Clanricarde was at Chiswick, entirely enveloped in white muslin, with a single jewel in the centre of her forehead." M. Guizot should not stoop to the level of N. P. Willis.

For a few pages—only too few—M. Guizot gives us the results of thoughtful observation of our social state. Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Ruskin, and other prophets of evil, will be sorry to see that the present condition of England is satisfactory, and her future full of hope. Rational religion he thinks steadily extending its influence, both in the Church and among Dissenters. He observes the morals of the community improving every day; in short, when we live in England, "we feel ourselves in a cold but wholesome air, in which moral and social health is stronger than moral and social disease, although the latter is still abundant." Our quotations have been numerous, but we must find room for the following estimate of our national character, and explanation of the true sources of our national happiness:—

"When I say that in England the air is cold, in society as in the climate, I do not mean to say that the English people are cold; observation and my own experience have taught me the contrary. We not only meet amongst them lofty sentiments and ardent passions; they are also very capable of profound affections, which, once entering into their hearts, become often as tender as they are deeply seated. What they want is instinctive, prompt, universal sympathy; the disposition which, without special notice or tie, knows how to comprehend the ideas and sentiments of others, to humour, or even to mingle with them, and thus to render the relations of life easy and agreeable. It is not that the English estimate social intercourse lightly, and are not extremely curious as to what others think or do; but their curiosity always requires to accommodate itself to their dignity and timidity. Through awkwardness or shyness, as much as through pride, they seldom exhibit what they really feel. Hence results, in their external relations and manners, a deficiency of grace and warmth, which chills and occasionally repulses. \* \* \* \* \*

"The English are right in attaching the highest value to their internal life, to their *home*, and above all to the closeness of the conjugal tie. They would not find, in their country, in public life, that movement, variety, and facility, that harmony of all the relations which elsewhere, and for many people, almost supply the place of happiness. A foreigner, a man of intelligence, who had lived much in England, remarked to me: 'If one were in good health, happy at home, and rich, it would be well to be an Englishman.' The terms are too exacting, and there are in England, at least as much as elsewhere, many happy lives within more moderate conditions. But it is certain that to enjoy English society we must cling to domestic and serious gratifications rather than give ourselves up to the lighter employments of the world and the current of events."

Had M. Guizot written more of his book in this style, criticism upon it would have been a pleasure. As it is, it has been the reverse. It is not agreeable to write slightly of such a man; but it is not possible to write of this publication save in terms both slighting and condemnatory.

#### MR. PALGRAVE'S HANDBOOK.\*

EVERY now and then it will occur that the fate of some work—of art, literature, or whatever else—is decided, or goes near to being decided, upon

\* Handbook to the Fine Art Collections in the International Exhibition. By Francis Turner Palgrave, Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Macmillan & Co., London and Cambridge. 1862.

a false issue. It may be a literally false issue, or perhaps only an extraneous one; which amounts to the same thing, as far as the work in question is itself concerned. This has been, to a great extent, the case with the "Handbook to the Fine Art Collections in the International Exhibition," by Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave.

This Handbook has been the best abused production of the season. The Commissioners of the Exhibition stultified themselves by inviting the contribution of a great number of works of art, and then selling in their building, and "under their sanction," with a per-cent of profit to their own body, a Handbook, containing a free expression of individual opinion upon these very works—admiring in this instance, hostile in that, as the case happened to be. When this proceeding called forth a remonstrance the Commissioners had no fight to show. They could not defend their original course of action, and had not the manliness to admit as their own the error which was theirs in reality. They slunk behind the author of the Handbook, who, with the feeling of a gentleman, got them out of the mess by instantly throwing up his own case (quite a defensible one as far as he was personally concerned), and his own interests, and withdrawing the critique from the official sanction and sale which the Commissioners had knowingly accorded to it. On this side of the affair we have already expressed our opinion, however, and shall not further dwell upon it now. Our present object is to look into the Handbook apart from the extraneous issue which has been raised regarding it, and see what itself is. We are quite familiar enough by this time with the wrong side of the coat; let us get some notion of its right side.

We do not hesitate to say that Mr. Palgrave's work is, on the whole, a good piece of criticism, and free from extreme bias in favour of one school beyond another. He shows himself to be no mere sciolist in the matters of which he treats, but to be, in habit and practice, a fully trained critic of works of art—a *virtuoso*, to use a term more current a generation ago than it is now. The general principles of artistic criticism, the schools, men, and works, of which he writes, are evidently quite familiar to him: he presents us with the experience, not of a few days spent over the productions collected in the International Exhibition, but of several years during which fine art has had a considerable share in his thoughts and observation. Of course, as soon as it became an object to decry the Handbook, it was pointed out that Mr. Palgrave is not a practical artist; and it was intimated or implied that, being unable to paint as good a picture, or carve as good a statue, as even the worst that he labours, he is disqualified for pronouncing an opinion upon such works. This is a convenient missile in all attacks of the sort; taken up for the occasion (very likely by a person who has laid himself open to the same weapon many a time before), and laid aside again immediately afterwards. But it breaks no bones. An artist is better, much better, qualified than a non-artist to pronounce upon the technical qualities of a work of art; but a non-artist who has observed and studied is not disqualified in this respect, and may be just as competent as the artist to discuss the spirit, point of view, and bearings, traceable in the work. The objection may become a candid and fair one when our journals allow politics to be broached only by members of Parliament, the military matters only by soldiers, the poetical only by poets, and so on. Pending that consummation, we shall hold that a spade is still a spade; that an ignorant and stupid writer upon art is ignorant and stupid, and that a perceptive and well-informed one is that, and not the contrary.

In calling the Handbook a good piece of criticism, we are far from saying that we agree in every opinion expressed by Mr. Palgrave, or in the degree of emphasis which he employs in each instance. No two critics on any of the fine arts will concur throughout upon questions of principle, much less upon their application or upon questions of detail. We think it clear, also, that Mr. Palgrave is too unmeasured in some of his obtrusions—especially in those against the sculptors, Baron Marochetti and Mr. Munro. As a matter of critical opinion, we entertain no doubt that both these gentlemen, the Baron especially, have talents for art greater than Mr. Palgrave gives them credit for, and that their bad points are neither so ruinous in themselves nor worthy of so many hard names as Mr. Palgrave thinks. Even in unofficial criticism, some proportion ought to be preserved between the *corpus delicti* and the castigation. A man who exhibits a free, vigorous style, and many points of refined artistic perception, in work which does not conform to the high standard of sculptural completeness, does not deserve to be hooted as a mountebank; and another whose chief stock in art is gracefulness lapsing into effeminacy, in subjects of corresponding tone, might be rated rather as falling far short of greatness than as "grotesque in ignorance." It is true that Mr. Palgrave finds it, in black and white, "unspeakably unpleasant" and the like to take his rods out of pickle, and no doubt he lays them on without personal spite or prejudice; but we cannot help thinking that zeal for the cause he believes in, and the command of a ready pen, marked by a certain unctuousness of alliterative peroration, reconcile him considerably to the hard task, and that a twinkle of satisfaction shines through eyes misted over with compassion. However, we repeat that the slashing passages are not very numerous. By far the majority of the works which he specifies are spoken of with admiration genuinely fervent, or tempered by critical acuteness; most of those which he selects, and justly so in general, for animadversion are calmly let down—to only a few of them does he "take off his coat."

Mr. Palgrave shows his mastery of his subject by the simplicity of the principles and criterions which he lays down; a mastery all the more fitly displayed in this form as his book is intended to guide the judgment of a very miscellaneous body of clients. He especially scours all the pet phrases wherewith dilettanteism cloaks vagueness of perception and assumes the oracular. He scours also the partly unfair, and to the general reader very unavailable, method of testing one work of art by another: his plan is not to inquire whether two works conform to the same level of style, but whether each of them conforms to truth. He shows throughout a uniform standard of appreciation; not shifting his point of view to suit the shifting phases and degrees of merit which come under his notice, nor praising, in senses which are to be tacitly understood as absolute and comparative respectively, first No. 1 and then No. 2. With him "good" will always mean good; and that which is barely second-best or partially wrong will be appraised accordingly. His rules for the guidance of his readers are few and simple. He would have them consider whether the work of art is like nature, and whether it dwells

in the memory. He disposes of the common nonsense about tastes not being matter of discussion, and lays it down that "good taste is merely sound knowledge," and the end of ends in all the fine arts that of giving "noble pleasure," while at the same time "it is in the quality of Thought that what makes art emphatically Art lies." His test for all styles is sincerity of purpose; and he insists several times, in assertion and in illustration, that good art embodies the tendencies of the time—the movement of men's thoughts in successive generations governing also the phases of their genuine art. All these bases of criticism are, we think, most soundly laid. They go to the root of the subject; and, if they cannot be said to exhaust it—in the sense that a vast deal remains to be followed out and developed after thus much has been established—they present at least the embryo to which the after-developments might rightly be traced, and are perhaps the only canons which could appropriately be compressed into such a manual for the practical service of those to whom it is addressed. In extension of the last point cited from the Handbook, the following, in reference to sculpture, appears to us extremely well put :

"The first and widest cause of decay seems to lie in the very nature of the work. The materials for the modelling-tool and the chisel, by their essential quality requiring and befitting only largeness, grandeur, delicacy in expression, and vital handling of detail—simple earnestness, to put it in brief,—at once greatly restrict the sphere of the sculptor in subject and in execution, and expose his art to suffer first and with most injury any decline in national taste. Whilst this, as in what may be properly called the mediaeval days of Greece and of Christendom, retains a healthy simplicity and directness in its aim, sculpture flourishes. But, by a circle often repeated, men's minds turn gradually from loftier qualities to the elaborate, the ingenious, and the sentimental, to meretricious prettiness and analytic detail. They will no longer be satisfied with simple earnestness in higher sculpture, or pure severity of ornament in its more architectural branches. This altered taste cuts away together the proper subjects from the art, and the legitimate modes of handling them. Poetry and painting—arts more truly 'plastic' than that which bears the name—accommodate themselves to the change, and, taking the better elements in the altered taste, or turning to new fields altogether, produce admirable works. Giotto and Leonardo are followed by Tintoret and Rubens; Wordsworth and Shelley replace Shakespeare and his successors; or perhaps some solitary genius lets the present take its way, and is content to influence the years to come by 'Paradise Lost.' But sculpture has not this facility of transformation. For a time she may rival painting in finish and ornament, and fill the churches of Venice or of Toledo with work which seems to pass the limits of human patience and ingenuity; appeal to ignorant interest by the mechanical effects of deceptive imitation or spasmodic vigour, to vulgar wealth by size or costliness of material, to personal patronage, in her last struggles, by flattery or self assertion. But these efforts gradually fail; and the art, losing all sight of its purpose, whilst the spectators lose all idea of judging it by the test of truth and nature, sinks into slovenliness and nonentity."

The Handbook is naturally divided into sections, following the divisions of the fine art of the Exhibition. First comes the English school of oil-painting, in which Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Turner (who finds in Mr. Palgrave an appreciator as enthusiastic as Mr. Ruskin), are treated of at some length, and a great number of other men in proportion. The English water-colours follow; the critic tracing the art from its beginnings in Cozens, Girtin, and Sandby, and again dwelling long upon Turner. Sculpture, chiefly that of England, occupies twenty-eight pages; in which Flaxman in the past, and Messrs. Behnes, Foley, and Woolner, in the present, with others, are cordially recognized. The foreign schools of painting constitute a short notice, reprinted from the General Catalogue, and requiring future filling up. Mr. Palgrave shows in this section no arrogance of assumed knowledge, but a befitting diffidence of his own grasp of so wide and many-sided a subject. Next is engraving, of which the writer is peculiarly well qualified to speak; a short but comprehensive notice, placing the subject in a very clear light. Architecture concludes the Handbook, with a very well-traced development of the history of the art through its several stages from point to point, as the Greek, the Roman, the Byzantine, and the Gothic, bequeath their forms to be modified and recast, ending in the Renaissance. Mr. Palgrave does justice to each of these styles without any compromise of his conviction in favour of the Gothic for our own use. The introductory notices, in the General Catalogue, to the several departments of the fine arts are all likewise written by Mr. Palgrave—partly the same as the notices in the Handbook, partly following the same lines as far as the general aspect of the arts is concerned, but with differences of detail, and of course much less reference to individual works.

We consider that few unprofessional men could have been found better, or even so well, qualified as Mr. Palgrave to treat the whole field of art; and that he has produced a Handbook of a very superior kind, and still capable, we should hope, spite of the adverse influences to which it has been exposed, of doing good service to the visitor, and to the cause of art, of which he proves himself a zealous and a single-minded champion.

#### ADVENTURES OF BARON WRATISLAW.\*

THE translator of this volume must, we should imagine, be an admiring and assiduous student of Herodotus. He has, at any rate, contrived to make his ancestor's narrative wear a thoroughly Herodotean air, and to render a very lively journal all the more amusing by the quaint and appropriate garb with which he has had the good taste to invest it. Baron Wratislaw had, in fact, many points of resemblance to the Father of Grecian history. He is garrulous, simple-minded, and cheerful; he has a natural and unaffected piety, which leads him not unfrequently into actual superstition: he has a keen eye for customs and manners, abounds in gentle moralizing, above every thing he loves a good story, and gathers gossip wherever he goes with unflagging alacrity. He was fortunate enough to be attached to the suite of an Ambassador Extraordinary, sent by the Emperor Rudolph the Second to the Sultan Amurath the Third: during the progress of the embassy, a very fragile peace gave way to a state of vigorous hostility, and young Wratislaw had the doubtful advantage of becoming personally acquainted with the internal arrangements of a Turkish dungeon, and escaped

\* Adventures of Baron Wenceslas Wratislaw, of Mitrowitz, committed to writing in the year of our Lord 1590. Literally translated from the Bohemian by A. H. Wratislaw, M.A. Bell & Daldy. 1862.

at last, after a series of curious vicissitudes, which he recounts in the graphic and picturesque language of a man to whom keen observation, retentive memory, and talkative good nature, made travel writing a congenial occupation.

The embassy waited for some months at Vienna, laying in a goodly supply of jewellery, watches, and other presents, wherewith to smooth the way for any future negotiations. On the 2nd of September, 1591, they started down the Danube, passed Comorn, and were met at Gran by a Turkish guard of janissaries, sent by Mahomet, the "Sangiac" of that town, for their safe escort. Here they presented gifts, broad doubloons, silver-gilt beakers, ewers, and basins, and, some days later, they made their way to Buda: here the Pasha sent nineteen large barges for their use, fired a grand salute in their honour, and supplied them with magnificently-caparisoned horses for their journey to his palace. The travellers were delighted with the hot baths of the neighbourhood, and found the arrangements of the Turks in such matters commendably delicate. One instance of neglect on the part of a bath-keeper was punished with a severity that, to European taste, might seem a little overstrained. The man in question had been convicted of giving the people dirty towels, and the sub-pasha condemned him accordingly "to be beaten with a stick, and to receive a thousand blows—i.e., two hundred on the back, three hundred on the soles of the feet, two hundred on the calves of the legs, and three hundred on the stomach." "After this," adds the chronicler with a *naïve* satisfaction, "he was completely swollen up like a newly-hatched pigeon, and no one could have told from his appearance whether he was a human being or no." While they were at Gran they saw a fine procession escorting an Italian renegade into the city. Every sort of splendour attested the dignity of the occasion and the importance of the convert: civil and military dignitaries rode at his side; horses and troops swelled the cavalcade; bands of music, discharges of fire-arms, and shouts of "God and his Prophet Mahomet," filled the air with uproar; and the renegade was heaped with costly presents, in the hopes of tempting other Giaours to follow his example. Conversions to Mahometanism seem, indeed, to have been sufficiently frequent to excite alarm in the minds of Christian residents, and to stand as a last resource for all whose fortunes had, in any manner, become desperate. One instance of this occurred during the residence of the embassy at Constantinople. The steward of the expedition having committed a capital offence, and being confined on his parole, escaped into the street, and proclaimed aloud his desire of becoming a Mussulman. He was instantly received with shouts of exultation, and carried off in state to the initiatory ceremonial of that faith. "This renegade," says the baron, "although he had at Prague a wife, a young court lady, Madame Von Bernstein, who was in office at court, as mistress of the robes, and a son, a handsome youth, yet forsook all; forgot his soul and wife; took immediately a Turkish woman to wife; and frequently walked and rode past our house."

The offences of the steward did not stop here; for he carried over valuable information to his new allies, and led to the discovery of several secret state papers of the greatest importance, which the ambassador had drawn up with a view to inform his Government of the intrigues, by which his residence in the Turkish capital was being rendered daily less secure. The Sultan, upon notice of these papers, put the whole embassy into the pasha's hands, and they were forthwith confined to their residence, and supplied with the bare necessities of existence. Wratislaw had, however, by this time got a very tolerable insight into the principal characteristics of an Oriental populace. "Whoever," he writes, "wishes to dwell among the Turks cannot help himself, but, as soon as he enters their territory, must immediately open his purse, and not shut it till he leaves them again, and must constantly be sowing money as a kind of seed, since for money he can procure himself favour, love, and every thing that he wants." Upon one occasion, when the imperial ambassador was waiting at one of the pashas' for an audience, a shepherd came into the ante-room, carrying upon his shoulders a live sheep: relying upon so forcible a recommendation, demanded admission, and was forthwith ushered, with his burthen, into the great man's presence, to the exclusion of the more dignified, but less profitable, applicants. A state visit to the Sultan showed him the ceremonial of the court and the barbaric magnificence of the palace and its accessories. Afterwards, by a little favouritism, they made their way into the church of Saint Sophia, and found many relics of the banished faith still in good preservation. The ceiling, over the Sultan's seat, was covered with a mosaic representing the Holy Trinity, but the eyes of all the persons had been put out, and through one Sultan Selim had shot an arrow, which was still sticking to the roof.

In the city itself they saw "wild beasts of various nature and form: lynxes and wild cats, leopards, bears, and lions, so tame and domesticated that they are led up and down the city by chains and ropes; divers reptiles we had never seen before; all sorts of jugglery games with apes, horses, and mules." There were fencers, too, and wrestlers, clothed in slippery garments, ready for a few "aspers" to contend for the amusement of the public; and, finally, green birds, so cleverly trained that they flew to any one who held up a coin, received in their beaks, and carried it back to their employer. Then there were games on horseback in the public square, and throwing of sticks, and sham fights and races of the youths, and people constantly shouting in the streets, "Kidy et, kidy et!"—(Cat's-meat, cat's-meat!)—the feeding of these animals being held, it appears, a religious obligation. In the midst of these entertainments young Wratislaw got before long into sad disgrace. He joined an expedition to sail across to Galata, and at Galata a dissipated and hospitable German goldsmith received him and his companions with the choicest possible fare, "oysters, longheads, roundheads, and all kinds of exceedingly well-tasted sea-frogs,"—but above all with a remarkably good red Greek wine, upon which the whole party, down to the jannizzaries who attended them, got tipsy. The young baron, all the worse for the voyage home, had to be helped through the narrow streets, and, unfortunately, the ambassador was watching him from his window. Next morning followed consciousness, repentance, entreaty on the part of the culprit, intercessions on that of the gentlemen-in-waiting, stern moralizing from the indignant ambassador, and, finally, "forty good stripes with a leather whip," which kept the offender to his bed for a fortnight. "The wine," he adds, "in consequence so stuck in my throat that all these years I used wine very sparingly, and immediately afterwards would not drink it at all, though I gladly received Turkish sherbet."

Some of the taining. One is man," the son of young creature of good wine for was sufficiently covered, but star chanced to be rich claimed, "Hai, I first hearing be s but none the less accompanied thee, my soul," Christian, and to daughter. Terror, a distracted lover in bride-expectant a however, soon co himself was unal that she was perf Before long the guilty lovers' pro law, and both we accordingly in so the lady with veil a pearl necklace. executioner convi were at once direc impulsive compa like; the Turks even the partner traitor, pagan,—d you dear people; we find the lady alive on a hook, a good-natured frie brains out in the r

The concluding Hassan Pasha made castles, and brought carrying the heads tribute to the S embassy being hel views with the G views with the P measures of restrict off to prison. He and uncertainty co ground or fly in t attacked them, and by eking out their gloves, which they a master carpente partake of a fine t named Marko. It eyes where the carp

Bad fare was th for a display of ba the palace, stole so captors with a dagg sentenced to recei all over like a frog Christian victory in more critical. "T threatened to have moned them before noses and ears. T shaved, were taken transported at last the shore of the D escape was out of th faint hopes which at of the place, who as hope to see their frie last the day of deliv the French and E Sultan, weary of war, of release. The jo swarmed with Tartar from the Turkish or great force in the dir to carry to their go desires. After sever and from thence the "Thus," says the jo this, and to thank G when all hope failed, to all men, both Tartar out of a prison so g whom, one true and l praise for ever and ev

Some of the episodes, parenthetically introduced, are extremely entertaining. One is the tragical end of "a well-grown and well-favoured young man," the son of a Greek merchant, who, being about to espouse a beautiful young creature of sixteen, sailed away to the isle of Candy, to lay in a store of good wine for the marriage-feast. While he was away, the young lady was sufficiently indiscreet to go to the baths, not only with her face uncovered, but staring about in all directions. One of the principal Chiaouses chanced to be riding from court, espied her charms, and immediately exclaimed, "Hai, hai peruzel kisi, Hai hai." These words were not, as might at first hearing be supposed, the Turkish for "Here, here, come and be kissed!" but none the less bespoke a violent emotion in the Chiaouse's breast. He accompanied the lady to the bath, squeezed her hands, saying, "Alla protect thee, my soul," and immediately went to the Sultan for leave to marry a Christian, and to the lady's father for permission to pay attentions to his daughter. Terror, bribery, and a cold worldliness carried the day, and the distracted lover returned with his wine from Candy only in time to find his bride-expectant another man's wife, and an ostensible Mahometan. The lady, however, soon contrived to inform him that her devotion to Christianity and himself was unaltered, that she still prayed after her accustomed fashion, and that she was perfectly prepared to receive him in a green tent in the garden. Before long the inevitable catastrophe arrived, keen eyes were marking the guilty lovers' proceedings, the enraged Chiaouse demanded vengeance of the law, and both were condemned to death or apostasy. They were led out accordingly in solemn array, the gentleman with an iron ring round his neck, the lady with veiled attendants, beautifully plaited hair, carmine clothes, and a pearl necklace. Martyrdom, however, was not her rôle; the presence of the executioner convinced her of the advisability of conversion, and her endeavours were at once directed to imparting the same convenient pliability to her less impresible companion. The lover stood firm against threats and entreaties alike; the Turks gnashed their teeth, called him all sorts of bad names, and even the partner of his guilt, forgetting her former tenderness, cried, "Dog, traitor, pagan,—die, since thou desistest to die! Alas! comfort me some of you dear people;" and swooned away. At the next stage of the proceedings we find the lady taken out to sea and drowned, and the lover suspended alive on a hook, and enduring great agonies until, on the third day, some good-natured friend surreptitiously put an end to his misery by blowing his brains out in the middle of the night.

The concluding portion of the expedition is depicted in sombre colours. Hassan Pasha made an expedition into Croatia, took one of the Imperial castles, and brought back three hundred Christian prisoners in triumph, each carrying the heads of five or six of their slaughtered companions. The annual tribute to the Sultan accordingly was not forthcoming, and the Christian embassy being held accountable for the default, found the warlike intentions of the Government becoming daily more evident. There were angry interviews with the Pashas, threats from the populace, insults from officials, various measures of restriction, and at last the whole party were seized and carried off to prison. Here they endured everything that dirt, darkness, privation, and uncertainty could inflict upon them; all creatures that creep upon the ground or fly in the air fed freely upon them; the most painful maladies attacked them, and the prisoners only kept themselves from actual starvation by eking out their miserable allowance of food by the sale of stockings and gloves, which they learnt to knit. "Once," says Wratislaw, "after holy mass, a master carpenter, a Christian prisoner, invited the chaplain and me to partake of a fine tabby tom-cat, which he had fed up for a long while, and named Marko. It was a fine and well-fatted cat, and I saw with mine own eyes where the carpenter cut its throat."

Bad fare was the least of their troubles: the Turks were always ready for a display of barbarity. One poor wretch, who had been employed in the palace, stole some treasure from it, and on being detected flew upon his captors with a dagger. He was seized, dragged before the major-domo, and sentenced to receive a thousand blows with a stick, "so that he swelled-up all over like a frog or a bladder." After a time, the news arrived of a great Christian victory in Hungary, and the position of the captives became still more critical. "The Turks looked sour at us, gnashed their teeth, and threatened to have us hung on hooks," while the "Kihaya" himself summoned them before him, and announced his intention of cutting off their noses and ears. This indignity they escaped, but they had their heads shaved, were taken on board a galley, submitted to dreadful hardships, and transported at last to the "Black Tower," a sort of dungeon of despair, on the shore of the Dardanelles. Here their fortunes sank to the lowest ebb: escape was out of the question, release seemed almost impossible, and the faint hopes which at first cheered them were dispelled by the chief guardian of the place, who assured them, with tears in his eyes, that they must never hope to see their friends again. Three years dragged wearily away, and at last the day of deliverance arrived. A favourable Pasha came into office, the French and English embassies were active in intervention, and the Sultan, weary of war, and crippled by defeats in Hungary, gave a general order of release. The journey homeward was full of incident: the country swarmed with Tartars, wandering bands of horsemen, and skirmishing parties from the Turkish or Imperial army. The Sultan himself was marching in great force in the direction of Erlaw, and the liberated prisoners were desired to carry to their government an account of his vast armament and pacific desires. After several hair-breadth escapes they arrived safely at Greece, and from thence the Archduke Maximilian sent them forwards to Vienna. "Thus," says the journalist, "every one of us may and ought to rejoice at this, and to thank God, the best of comforters and succours in sorrow: for, when all hope failed, and all succour came to nought, and it seemed impossible to all men, both Tartars and Christians, that we should return to our country out of a prison so grievous, He set us at liberty by His mighty hand, to whom, one true and living God in Trinity, be ascribed honour, glory, and praise for ever and ever."

#### ART AND MUSIC.

#### THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

##### [THIRD NOTICE.]

216. *Prinsep: How Bianca Capello sought to Poison her Brother-in-law, the Cardinal de' Medici.*—Bianca Capello, Grand-duchess of Florence, is said (though

modern historians discredit the story) to have offered to the Cardinal poisoned tarts, which he detected by an opal, and which her husband, the Grand Duke Francis, ate instead; she herself also eating, to avoid discovery, and both dying of the poison on successive days. The Cardinal waives the offered dish with a dim smile, the Grand Duke reaches across to take it; Bianca, frowning in impotent perplexity, lays a tremulous hand upon his wrist, but there is no help. A candle burning before a bronze statuette of the Madonna brings aptly into the picture the formal religion of the time, divorced from practice. This is a remarkable work—the first of a salient kind exhibited by its author; expressive, large in character, tending to breadth in painting rather than to detail, but with enough of manly definition. We need not complain that Bianca, in middle age, after a perverted and scheming life, is no longer the beauty who eloped from Venice; she is the remains of a fine woman, but the flesh-tint might be purer. The Grand Duke's left arm looks stunted, for which the quilted sleeve may be partly accountable; his head, both in type and in painting, is the finest thing in the picture. With this work Mr. Prinsep takes rank among our painters of position.

217. *Leighton: The Star of Bethlehem; one of the Magi, from the terrace of his house, stands looking at the star in the East; the lower part of the picture indicates a revel, which he may be supposed just to have left.*—The thought of this picture is both ingenious and impressive; the king, who stands upright with doffed diadem, and who almost monopolizes the space of canvas, is a grand figure, placed so that the conception of the subject does not depend much upon facial expression. The "revel" is got into the picture by one of those artistic expedients which may perhaps be managed with accuracy in perspective and proportion, though it looks out of scale, and might at first sight be taken for a frieze painted on the wall rather than a part of the real action. We incline to think that it introduces more embarrassment into the treatment than it is worth, helpful though it doubtless is to the carrying out of the subject.

237. *Leighton: Sisters.*—A domestic classic, pure and finished, in a small portrait group. The elder sister, seventeen or eighteen years of age, maidenly tall, has chiselled features, and hair of a blond chestnut; the younger, not more than ten, reaches up to clasp her with an impulsive hug; her contour is as yet childishly rounded, and she will grow up darker haired than her sister. The contrast of the pale yellow silk dress with the blue frock, backed by a lovely and fully-designed thicket of evergreens, and a marbled azure sky, forms an unusual and most refined composition of colour, presented with a delicate tact quite distinctive of Mr. Leighton.

##### 240. *Witherby:*

"Break, break, break,  
At the foot of thy crags, O sea!"—

This work, hung too high for careful inspection, is elaborate, and has merit beyond mere painstaking. The painting of the surf is the chief point; the sky rather too glaring in yellow and red.

243. *Calderon: After the Battle.*—One of the ablest and best carried out pictures in the exhibition; the handling a trifle heavy, but skilful and to the purpose. A knot of Marlborough's soldiers, after a battle, have entered a cottage by smashing down the door, and find it unoccupied, save by a little boy perched upon an overturned cradle. He has been crying, and one of his sabots is off; his action is pretty—bashful, yet not frightened. The soldiers, mud and blood stained, one great fine fellow holding a church-lantern which he has seized upon, lose all their ferocity at the sight. One straddles with hands on knees to ask in bad French how matters stand; a drummer-boy gazes with the sort of interest which a child not much his junior in years, but so far behind him in "knowledge of life," might inspire. The Englishmen—especially the questioner, both in action and in type of face—are not so directly English as they should be; a slip natural enough to a painter of foreign blood. The picture, however, is good in almost every element of the subject, and in none more so than in the kindly feeling which it embodies, without sentimentalism.

251. *Mrs. Hay: The Reception of the Prodigal Son.*—A work of substantial merit, steady in drawing, warm and somewhat rich in tone, and a very decided advance upon the "Tobit" exhibited by Mrs. Hay last year. The impulsive action of the prodigal, throwing himself forward from the knee, his right arm out with clenched hand in the energy of self-reproach, is finely conceived, and rendered without any inefficiency. Along with the accessory points of elder brother and fatted calf, are introduced three figures of servants, standing for three different types of servitude; the eldest broken in to servility, the second pampered and supercilious, the youngest unspoiled, and sharing in his master's joy. This notion—somewhat feminine at best—gives too much prominence to the figures in question, and to the extraneous part which they bear in the scene. Mrs. Hay ranks, since the death of Mrs. Wells, as our most advanced lady-painter.

254. *Downard: Returning from the Downs.*—A pastoral satisfactorily painted, with natural but not slovenly ease.

258. *Martineau: A Portrait.*—A female head, with dark complexion, black hair, and clear-cut features; exact and forcible in colour, though with a slightly livid tendency.

259. *Gale: Autumn;* "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in his season."—An old countryman resting in the shadow of a sheaf of corn. Delicacy of painting, and a quiet suggestion of sentiment, are both here; but the aged rustic would be more venerable if he were not so intensely "respectable." His hair especially is as neatly brushed as a begging-letter impostor's; and this is a habitual point of smallness of manner with Mr. Gale.

268. *Wallis: Sir Walter Raleigh.*—He stands lighting his pipe by the window-side, with a river-prospect of old London; the candle dimmed by the blue and lemon-tinged sky outside. We are not aware that Raleigh was so bright-haired as Mr. Wallis makes him; the head in the National Portrait Gallery, at any rate, gives a darker tint. It is an able little picture—the

*chiaroscuro* studied with the force and propriety which it always receives from Mr. Wallis.

269. *Millais: Trust Me.*—This must, on the whole, count as the “crack picture” of the Academy. The materials are of the simplest and most matter-of-fact, and in no way specially pictorial; but the excellence of painting, and the charm of perfect ease and truth, are supreme. An old fox-hunting squire has come down to breakfast in the costume of the chase; his daughter has preceded him, and has taken from the post-bag a letter addressed to herself, which her father asks after, but she holds behind her, and will not produce. One surmises a love-letter, but one not probably requiring any particular secrecy; the fair one stands upon her sex’s privilege of wilfulness for its own sake, and to give a little line to papa. The heads, with a nice suggestion of family likeness, are right to a tittle for their purpose; with plenty of “blood” in them, and the quietest, most finely-touched shades of expression. The execution, less elaborate than in the earlier works of Mr. Millais, but missing nothing which requires to be given, is a thorough sample of the *ars celare artem*, from the heads to the “pink” of the father, and the chocolate silk dress of the daughter, and from these to the white folding-doors shut, with a line of gilt down the junction, forming the simplest of backgrounds. When Mr. Millais does so much with so little, we are in no mood to ask for more, though, doubtless, there is such a thing as more to be had, and we should even prefer to have it.

277. *Hayllar: Mussel Gatherers, Coast of Boulogne.*—A cleverly done piece of spotty sunshine, the green of the sea-weed somewhat too crude. Another seaside work by Mr. Hayllar has more subject, and similar qualities of merit.

282. *Moscheles: When Mamma is Out.*—This is the first work we have seen from Mr. Moscheles, who is, we believe, a son of the distinguished pianist. It represents a small girl in charge of the cradled baby during their mother's absence; is firmly and honestly done throughout, with some, but no extreme, tendency to a German style of painting; and shows a good foundation laid for future work.

292. *Leighton : Michael Angelo nursing his Dying Servant.*—The story of the tender care bestowed by Michael Angelo in his old age upon his aged servant, Urbino—a story already finely treated in French art,—is one of those which bring the austere and sublime genius upon the same level with his kind, and which bespeak sympathy as well as reverence for his personal character. In Mr. Leighton's picture the mighty master is made much younger than his real age at the time, eighty-two; he is the impersonation of knitted strength, still in unimpaired vigour. He has come from his work, mallet in hand, and affectionately sustains the languid form of Urbino. The richness of his slashed silk dress is not consistent with the use of the mallet. We ought to have him as either wholly a man of rank or wholly a working sculptor. The rounded window-opening, with oranges seen through it, is one of those small touches of beauty which Mr. Leighton insists, and rightly so, upon getting into his severest work. This is a production of fine character, not falling below its standard, any more than the luscious "*Odalisque*," previously described, falls below *its* standard. The dulness of surface, though it must appear greater than it really is, at the height at which the picture is hung, is nevertheless a symptom of Mr. Leighton's foreign study, and one not to be indulged too far.

THE TWO ITALIAN OPERA HOUSES.—MRS. ANDERSONS FAREWELL CONCERT.  
CRYSTAL PALACE.—EXETER HALL.—PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—CHAMBER  
MUSIC CONCERTS.

WHEN the lessee of the Royal Italian Opera and the manager of Her Majesty's Theatre put forth their programmes for the season, they undertook to adhere as closely as possible to their engagements. No one will deny that they have done so to the full extent. They have not only fulfilled but even exceeded their promises, adding daily fresh talent to their brilliant companies, and giving new life to their performances. The "prospective arrangements" at both houses are perfectly bewildering. Mr. Gye, having the largest troupe at his disposal, naturally endeavours to give employment to all his artists, and announces five representations during the week. Mr. Mapleson, following the old custom, limits his operatic performances to three. Which of the two plans is the wiser we shall not now discuss. It is certain that both *impresari* exert themselves to the utmost to keep faith with the public, and to deserve patronage. The resources of the two establishments are so different in character that the operas which may suit the one are unsuited to the other. At Covent Garden Theatre everything is on a grand scale,—orchestra, chorus, scenery are equally imposing. At Her Majesty's Theatre, on the other hand, the "star" system has ever been predominant, and will always remain so, the formation of the stage not permitting of any grand display. Meyerbeer's operas, for instance, demand a most complete *ensemble*. "Les Huguenots," "Robert le Diable," "Le Prophète," are nowhere better presented than at the Royal Italian Opera, because everything combines to render the performance of these masterpieces as perfect as possible. The operas have nearly all been produced under the personal superintendence of the composer, while the singers have enjoyed the advantage of his advice and assistance. This is not the case at Her Majesty's Theatre. Since the secession of Mr. Costa and his followers it owes its success and prestige entirely to the triumphs of a Jenny Lind, a Sontag, a Piccolomini, and a Tietjens, not to the splendour of its representations in an artistic point of view. This was plainly manifest at the first performance this season of "Les Huguenots," in which Madlle. Tietjens, Madlle. Trebelli, and Madlle. Louisa Michal undertook the principal parts. Signor Giuglini was to have been the Raoul of the evening, but being still indisposed—at least we presume so, no other cause of his absence having been assigned,—Signor Armandi gallantly came forward to help the manager out of his scrape. The audience, however, seemed singularly indifferent to the change, although it had a right, we think, to be informed of the not unimportant alteration. It would be unfair, therefore, considering the circumstances, to criticize the efforts of Signor Armandi too severely. He did his best, was very nervous, and succeeded moderately.

The parts of Marcel and St. Bris were intrusted to Signor Vialetti and M. Gassier, while M. Giraldoni appeared as Nevers. Signor Vialetti is a pains-taking singer, but does not appear to us to be able fully to realize the intentions of the composer. He is, we imagine, not sufficiently versed in Meyerbeer's music. The same may be said of Signor Giraldoni. It is only of late that the grand operas of Meyerbeer have been introduced into Italy, and as Verdi's music has almost exclusively engaged the attention of the Italians, it is natural that the singers should have studied his style more than any other. At all events, the new baritone did not seem quite at his ease. M. Gassier was the only one of the gentlemen who was fully up to the work. His performance was uniformly correct and artistic. The excellence of Mdlle. Tietjens's impersonation of Valentine has long been acknowledged. Her glorious voice never shines more conspicuously than in music of a broad, dramatic character, but we cannot admit that, on the whole, her representation of the romantic heroine is as refined and poetical as could be desired. Much less could Mdlle. Louisa Michal (a Swedish lady) be called "the high ideal" of a queen. The rôle of Marguerite de Valois, apart from its technical difficulty, requires alike grace, coquettishness, and dignity. Neither of these qualifications was evident in the performance of Mdlle. Michal. She sings, it is true, like a good artist, but her manner is void of all charm. A singer may be clever, conscientious, and intelligent; but if neither voice nor style is calculated to please the ear, the mission of the singer is at an end. Herein lies the great secret of comparatively inferior singers carrying away the palm and enlisting the sympathy of the public. Before taking leave of the performance of "Les Huguenots" at this house, we ought to notify the increasing success of Mdlle. Trebelli; in each successive part does she display qualities of no common order. Thus, as the page in Meyerbeer's opera, all the music allotted to her was given to perfection. Her voice, more a "mezzo soprano" than a "contralto," is rich and sonorous, although somewhat thick in the lower register; she possesses a very pleasing appearance, and acts with great intelligence and animation.

We wish,—having later to speak of a new singer at the rival establishment, who made her first appearance in this country as Valentine in "Les Huguenots,"—to welcome the return of M. Naudin, a tenor, who some years since formed one of the company of Mr. E. T. Smith, and has lately won golden opinions at the Italian Opera in Paris. The opera chosen for his *début* was the eternal "Trovatore." No doubt, Manrico is a very interesting personage, and we can easily imagine it to be a favourite part with aspiring tenors. M. Naudin is a very valuable acquisition to Mr. Mapleson's company. Gifted with a clear, telling, and pleasing voice, of sufficient compass and power, he knows how to give effect to Signor Verdi's popular strains, so familiar to every lover of Italian music. Here and there his manner is not free from exaggeration, nor is his action always manly and unaffected, but we are inclined to think that a closer familiarity with his public, and the conviction that simplicity is the basis of all art, will eventually lead him into the right path. M. Naudin might, in this respect, with advantage follow the example of our gifted countryman, Mr. Santley, who, having migrated from the Royal Italian Opera to Her Majesty's Theatre, made his first appearance on this stage as *Conte di Luna*, a part he had performed with such signal success at the other house. That Mr. Santley created the same sensation on this occasion will easily be believed, considering that he is one of the most accomplished singers on the stage. We are at a loss to guess what could have induced Mr. Gye to part with so valuable and distinguished an artist. Surely without Graziani and Ronconi, it cannot be said that the lessee is particularly strong in baritones, even were he to consider Signor delle Sodie to constitute a sufficient compensation for the absence of those great favourites. Mr. Gye, however, is the loser, not Mr. Santley. It is somewhat strange that Signor Graziani should be announced at both houses, and appear at neither; while Mr. Santley, though announced at neither, appears at both.

There is no relying, however, on operatic prospectuses. The managers, with excusable selfishness, avail themselves of the best article in the market. Should they make a lucky hit, all the better. Should it turn out a failure, they still receive the credit of catering for the gratification of the public. That the position of great "cards" is not by any means an enviable one, will be easily understood. Mdlle. Antonietta Fricci, for instance, a young lady entirely unknown in this country, had to pass a similar ordeal. Every one was asking who is Mdlle. Antonietta Fricci? Is she Italian (the name being no criterion), French, German, or Spanish? Where does she come from? What are her antecedents? Is she young or old, tall or short, dark or fair? With the best possible desire to answer all these questions, we cannot undertake to satisfy our readers' curiosity. We only saw and heard Mdlle. Antonietta Fricci once, namely, as Valentine in "Les Huguenots," at the Royal Italian Opera on Saturday last. Judging from this single appearance, we should think that the new comer is likely to become a favourite at this house, inasmuch as she met with a very flattering reception. This reception was not altogether undeserved. Mdlle. Fricci possessing a fresh, sympathetic, elastic voice, pretty equal in its register, and capable of expression. She indulges freely in the *vibrato* manner, whether from taste or weakness we are unable to decide. If her execution of the florid passages is not always satisfactory, her intonation, on the other hand, is mostly correct, while her manner is natural and winning. In an histrionic point of view, we cannot say that she gave proof of extraordinary capacity. Her acting, in some of the most trying portions of the opera, was without passion and dignity, and did not evince any high intelligence or dramatic power. But, as we have said, Mdlle. Fricci succeeded in greatly pleasing her audience, and must be pronounced as having made a most successful *début*.

The concerts have again been very numerous. Among the great events of the present musical season, must be classed the "Farewell Concert" of Mrs. Anderson, which took place at Her Majesty's Theatre, on Friday, the 30th of May. No pianiste in England has enjoyed a higher reputation as an artiste than Mrs. Anderson. Her position alone, as musical instructress to the Royal Family,

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would suffice to lend distinction to her name; but, apart from this honour, she possesses talents which entitle her to a foremost place among the best pianoforte players of the present generation. The first time Mrs. Anderson played in public was at Bath, her native town, at the age of fifteen, without ever having enjoyed the privilege of a first-rate musical education. Her success induced her to visit London, and having the greatest admiration for the music of Beethoven, she was the first to perform his "Grand Choral Fantasia" in England, at the "City Concerts," and at those of the Philharmonic Society. In 1827 she was invited to play at the Birmingham Festival,—the same year in which Signor Costa made his *début* in this country as a tenor singer. Having acquired the reputation of being the first pianiste of the day, she was commanded, in 1832, by her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent to teach Princess Victoria, and continued to instruct her Majesty until a few weeks before her marriage, in the year 1845. She subsequently had the honour of assisting the Princess Royal in her musical studies, and since that period has been the only musical instructress to the royal children. We are informed that the directors of the Philharmonic Society, wishing to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of this time-honoured institution in the most brilliant manner, have solicited Mrs. Anderson to perform the "Choral Fantasia," at the Grand Jubilee Concert, to be held at St. James's Hall, on the 14th of July next, to take her final leave of the public at the very concerts where she earned her well-deserved reputation, and to perform the same piece which first made her known to a London audience. How greatly her talent is still appreciated, was abundantly proved by the numerous audience that came to her "last public performance," and by the manner in which she was received by her friends. Mrs. Anderson played twice. In the first part of the concert she gave, with the utmost finish, a movement from a concerto of Mozart; and in the second, displayed her executive power in a "Rondo brilliant," by Hummel ("Le Retour à Londres"), one of her most celebrated performances. She was very warmly applauded, and recalled twice on each occasion. We are pleased to be afforded an opportunity of hearing Mrs. Anderson once more in public, and of being able to defer our "farewell" till then.

*A propos* of music in some way connected with royalty, we are glad to announce the complete success of a new cantata by Henry Leslie, words by Arthur Matthison, written in honour of the marriage of her Royal Highness the Princess Alice, and performed for the first time at the Crystal Palace on Saturday last. The cantata is entitled "The Daughter of the Isles and the Knight of Saxony." Want of space compels us to speak in very brief terms on the merits of the work and the excellence of the performance, but as we hope soon to hear the cantata in London, at Mr. Henry Leslie's own concerts, we must content ourselves for the present with stating that both the composer of the music and the author of the poem have succeeded in their endeavours to commemorate so auspicious an event in a becoming manner. The work, though not ambitious in design, is yet rounded in form, and of a very pleasing character. It consists of a short orchestral prelude, followed by a pretty chorus, with accompaniment of bells. The bridegroom and the bride alternately give vent to their joyful feelings by appropriate strains, in the form of two recitatives and two airs. A part-song, one of the best pieces in the cantata, and a brilliant "Bridal March" follow these airs. The "Daughter of the Isles," in a recitative and prayer, "Farewell! beloved home!" turns her thoughts once more to the pleasures of the past, and dreams of future joys; after which a lively chorale,—

"Let the joy-bells, clear and merry,  
Clang from ev'ry turret high,"—

brings the whole to a very animated conclusion. Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Mr. Santley were the solo vocalists, assisted by Mr. Henry Leslie's selected choir of 120 voices. As we have said, the execution was in every respect to be commended and universally applauded, while the composer was honoured with an enthusiastic recal.

Finer choral singing, whether in small or large numbers, is nowhere to be heard than in England. As a proof we have only to cite the last performance of the Sacred Harmonic Society, when Handel's "Samson" was given for the first time this season, the solos being supported by Mdlle. Parepa, Madame Sainton-Dolby, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Lewis Thomas, and Weiss; and also the third charity concert held at Exeter Hall on Wednesday last, when Madame Lind-Goldschmidt chose Mendelssohn's "Elijah" as the medium for the exercise of her benevolent sentiments. Of the three grand performances which have taken place at regular intervals during the last few weeks, we must award the palm to the execution of "Elijah," both with respect to the general excellence of the orchestra and chorus, and to the admirable singing of Madame Goldschmidt. Her share of the music in "Elijah," it is true, is not so important as in the "Messiah" or the "Creation"; but the great songstress appeared to us to be more studious in avoiding those strong-coloured effects, and evinced a greater desire to subdue the upper tones of her still ringing and powerful voice. Thus the trio, "Oh, lift thine eyes," and the quartet, "Holy, holy," obtained the desired smoothness and evenness of *timbre*, which in vocal as well as in instrumental concerted pieces, is most essential. We remarked the same delicacy, and the same regard to light and shade in the orchestral prelude and some of the great choruses. Mr. Otto Goldschmidt deserves great praise for the care and labour he appears to have bestowed on the production of Mendelssohn's masterpiece, which we have seldom heard so uniformly well executed.

There still remain the last concert of the Philharmonic Society, the Musical Union, the Monday Popular Concerts, Messrs. Louis and Adolph Ries's Matinée, Mr. Hallé's Beethoven Recitals, and various other interesting concerts. At each of the above performances there were several things worthy of comment, and some even *hors ligne*. Herr Becker, for example, made his first appearance this season, at the Philharmonic Society, with a new violin concerto by Ferdinand David, a composition full of fancy and sterling merit, and most beautifully performed by the German violinist, who created a visible impression. Herr Laub, another *virtuoso* on the violin, of whom we have already spoken in very favourable

terms, was the hero of the Popular Concerts. A "host" of new talent was gathered together by Mr. Ella for the Musical Union, of which we may have to speak on a future occasion. Messrs. Ries were very successful in their efforts to provide an agreeable morning for their friends; while Mr. Hallé continues to be the prophet of Beethoven's wonderful inspirations, which he reveals from week to week to his admiring disciples. We must wait, however, for a more favourable opportunity to do justice to the merits of so many distinguished artists.

#### CONTEMPORARY SCIENCE.

**ARTIFICIAL ICE-MAKING.**—The public is now so habituated to scientific paradoxes, that no surprise will be occasioned by the announcement of the rapid and economical production of ice by means of the kitchen-fire. Those, however, who are inclined to be sceptical on this point may see the whole process in active operation in the Machinery Annex of the International Exhibition. The scientific principles upon which this process depends are extremely beautiful; we will briefly draw our readers' attention to such of them as are necessary for the appreciation of its mode of action. Without entering into the abstruse subject of latent heat, we may mention that, when a volatile substance passes from the liquid to the gaseous state, an immense quantity of heat is necessary for the change. If we supply this requisite amount of heat by the application of fire, the change of condition takes place without any noticeable phenomena; thus, we place liquid water on a fire, and thereby give it the extra amount of heat which it requires to assume the vaporous condition; if, however, we force a liquid to change its state, and become a gas without supplying it artificially with this necessary amount of heat, it helps itself from the stock of heat naturally present in the surrounding substances at the ordinary temperature, occasioning in them an enormous loss of heat, or, as it is more usually expressed, production of cold. Many processes for the artificial manufacture of ice are founded upon this principle, two very ingenious applications of it being in daily operation at the Exhibition. The first one which attracts the notice of visitors is that of Mr. Siebe. In this machine the very volatile liquid ether is rapidly vapourized by means of an air-pump worked by steam, the intense cold produced in this way being carried along by a stream of salt water (which requires a very low temperature to freeze it) to a large rectangular trough, containing fifty or a hundred narrow tin cells, outside of which the freezing stream of salt water slowly winds its way. The water in the tin troughs at the upper part of the tank where the cold brine first enters soon congeals, when the troughs are removed, emptied, and transferred to the bottom, the others being pushed up into the vacated places. The apparatus exhibited is capable of producing a ton and a half of ice per day. However well it may answer for large establishments where steam-power is available, we do not see that the apparatus could be brought down to the requirements of an ordinary household.

We now pass on to the beautifully scientific and compact machines of M. Carré. There are two principal kinds of apparatus intended to produce cold by this means, namely, the household, or intermittent apparatus, and the industrial, or continuous apparatus. The latter, like the one of Mr. Siebe, is only adapted for large establishments, as it occupies some space and requires a motive power; the hourly production of ice varying from a quarter of a cwt. to half a ton, according to the size of the machine. The household apparatus is adapted for the production of two or three pounds of ice per hour; it consists of two strong wrought-iron bottles, holding about half a gallon each, connected together by an iron pipe. At the manufactory a certain quantity of strong *liquor ammonia* is introduced into one of the bottles, and the apparatus is then hermetically sealed. When the apparatus is to be used, the bottle containing the ammonia is placed on a stove until it is hot, the other bottle being at the same time immersed in a pail of cold water. Liquor ammonia consists of a very large bulk of the gas ammonia dissolved in a comparatively small quantity of water. The heat causes the liberation of the gas from the water, the latter being left behind, whilst the gas passes over into the cold bottle, and is then condensed, by the enormous pressure, into the liquid state. During the passage of the ammonia from the gaseous to the liquid state heat is of course evolved, which is absorbed by the cold water in which the bottle dips. The apparatus is now to be taken from the fire, and the hot bottle in its turn placed in a tub of water. As the warm water which it contains gets cool, it re-acquires the power of dissolving gaseous ammonia; the pressure being thus taken off the liquified gas in the other bottle, it immediately commences to evaporate, and in this process reduces the temperature of the bottle about 50° Fahr. below the freezing point of water. This bottle has a hollow space down the centre, into which a tin pail fits, and when water, wine, or any other liquid is placed in the pail, it rapidly becomes frozen. The smallest apparatus, costing £3. 4s., is capable of producing upwards of 1 lb. of ice in an hour, nothing more being required than a kitchen fire and a tub of water. The ammonia being hermetically sealed up, never requires replenishing, and the freezing powers of the instrument are therefore practically inexhaustible. Each pound of coal required to heat the ammonia bottle will produce from two to three pounds of ice, so that about 20 lb. of ice may be produced for the cost of one penny. In the large apparatus a pound of coal will produce 15 lb. of ice. This ready production of cold is applicable to a variety of industrial purposes. Besides the obvious uses to which ice is put as an article of luxury, a refrigeratory apparatus is of great value in scientific or commercial laboratories: for example, in the crystallization of various salts, extracting sulphate of soda from the bittern of sea salt, crystallizing benzol, acetic acid, &c., extracting paraffin from oils, concentrating dilute solutions, changing sea water into drinkable water, regulating fermentation, preserving alimentary substances, cooling the air in hospitals, theatres, dwellings, &c.

These apparatus have been stamped with the approbation of the French Académie des Sciences. In January, 1861, a special commission, consisting of MM. Balard, Regnault, and Pouillet, was appointed to examine them. Their

report is dated the 21st of April, 1862; it affirms their regularity of action, and considers them as "the solution of the problem of artificial refrigeration in all its phases," and "destined to become eminently useful."

## SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

TIME-MEASUREMENT OF FALLING BODIES.—The times occupied by objects falling from various heights towards the earth have hitherto been measured by Attwood's wheel-machine or by Professor Willis's modification of it, in which he combined two weights with two wheels, and obtained at once comparative results which it took two manipulations to get by the first instrument. Mr. J. Bridges, of the Euston-road, has invented a new method, which is not only an ingenious one, but promises to give extremely accurate results when those final adjustments of parts to parts are made which new instruments invariably require. The apparatus has been made by Messrs. Elliott, of the Strand, and consists of a standard or upright marked off into scale by one-inch divisions, with figures at every three inches. This standard carries a magnet at its upper extremity, and from top to bottom of it pass three wires; the central one is a guide for a perforated iron weight, which, while the electric current is passing from a two-pair battery, is held up by magnetic attraction to the starting point, or end of the magnet. Upon the other two wires a bar is placed against any distance on the scale which it is required to measure. The circuit wires in their course are also connected with a horse-shoe magnet attached to a stand, bearing a cup of quicksilver which flows down through a pipe in a slender stream. A vulcanite canal or gutter is fixed to one end of a rod attached to the keeper of the horse-shoe magnet; the rod working as a lever against a spring at its other extremity. When the current is passing from the battery the attraction of the horse-shoe magnet overcomes the power of the spring, and brings the vulcanite gutter under the stream of mercury, which thus flows away through it into the receiving-cup. To return now to the metal bridge, or "distance bar" on the standard or upright. This contrivance consists of a piece of wood, or non-conducting substance, with a notch or cavity in its middle. Both sides are faced with brass, and to one side a brass lever or bridge is attached by one end. When this lever or bridge is placed across the gap, it forms the connection of the metallic conductors of the electric current, and the iron weight, whose rate of falling it is intended to measure, if placed against the magnet on the standard is held there. The horseshoe magnet being in operation by the same current, the keeper is drawn towards it, and the end of the gutter projects under the falling mercury, and, catching it, conveys it to the receiver. When, however, the metal bridge of the "distance-bar" is lifted slightly up the current from the battery is instantly broken. The iron weight falls away from the magnet on the standard, the spring forces the keeper away from the horseshoe magnet and with it, of course, the gutter from the stream of mercury, which then trickles down *direct* into a second glass receiver. When the iron weight has fallen down to the point on the standard index to which the distance-bar has been set it strikes the uplifted end of the "bridge" and knocks it again into its horizontal or connecting position. The electro-current is thus re-made, the horseshoe magnet again comes into operation and replaces the gutter beneath the flowing mercury. The second receiver has thus caught all the mercury which has flowed through during the interval the iron weight was falling, and this mercury is then poured into a graduated thermometer tube, and the length it occupies gives of course the time taken by the falling body.

ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERIES, NEAR BEDFORD.—A few days since some men engaged in digging gravel in a field adjoining the great agricultural implement works of Messrs. Howard, at Caldwell, discovered no less than eight stone coffins; all, with one exception, much fractured and broken, but containing human skeletons. No lids were found, and from their form, the local antiquaries of the neighbourhood consider them to be of the age of the 13th century. Three are of Kettin stone; the others of Bedford oolite. Human bones have from time to time been found near the place of this discovery, and a large area of flooring, composed of encaustic tiles laid in geometric patterns, has been uncovered; two of the tiles have the device of a king's head, probably that of John. Many worked stones, such as quoins, corbels, mullions, &c.; a large mass of concrete, and a portion of the foundation of a strong outer wall have also been met with. The probability, therefore, is that the relics discovered in this locality are vestiges of the old priory of Caldwell, and most likely of the eastern extremity, which comprised the chapel and burial-ground. The priory of Caldwell was founded in the reign of John, by Simon Barescot or Basket, an alderman of Bedford, for brethren of the Order of the Holy Cross, and was dedicated to the Virgin Mary; and the field where the discoveries have been made formed part of the Caldwell demesne, which extended along the banks of the Ouse. The priory is noticed in Dugdale's "Monasticon," but no view or plan is given.

LONDON LIBRARY, 31st May (twenty-first annual Meeting).—The Right Hon. the Earl of Clarendon in the chair. The report stated that the income for the year ending the 30th April was £2,104 2s. 7d., and the expenditure £1,898 1s. 8d., leaving a balance at the bankers' of £206 0s. 11d. The arrears of debt, occasioned by the large expenditure for books during the first eleven years of the Library's existence, had been liquidated; and the expenditure of the year was now entirely met by the annual incomes. The total expenditure in books and bookbinding, in the twenty-one years just closed, had been £20,000.

THE testimonial to Professor Bentley, of King's College, noticed at page 514, was presented to him by his pupils at the Pharmaceutical Society.

## LEARNED SOCIETIES AND INSTITUTIONS.

Zoological Society, 27th May. Professor Huxley, F.R.S., V.P., in the chair.—Mr. A. R. Wallace gave an account of his recent visit to various parts of New Guinea and the adjoining islands in search of paradise-birds, and of the success that he had met with in the different localities. The birds of this group, of which he had obtained specimens, personally or through collectors, were (besides the new Standard-wing, discovered in Batchian, and named by Mr. Gray *Semioptera Wallaci*) only five in number, namely, the three true paradise-birds, *Paradisaea apoda*, *papuana*, and *rubra*; the King bird, *Cicinnurus regius*; and the *Seleucides alba*; and this, after five different expeditions to various localities, reported to be favourable for the purpose. Mr. Wallace concluded his narrative with some remarks on the Geographical Distribution of the Family *Paradiseidae*, so far as it is at present known. The exhibitions were, Trachea of male *Numida cristata*, by Mr. Bartlett; new "Bower bird," from N. W. Australia, by Mr. F. J. Gregory (*Chlamydera guttata*). Mr. J. W. Wood exhibited a drawing of male pinnated grouse, *Tetrao cupido*, and read notes on the habits of this species of bird.

Royal Society, 31st May.—The President's second *soirée* was held at Burlington House. The company was very numerous, and many foreign savans of eminence were present. A fine collection of most interesting objects were exhibited; amongst the most attractive of which were Mr. Jardine's beautiful series of ferns; the sectional slab of an enormous New Zealand pine-tree; an exquisite spectroscope, by Messrs. Spencer, Browning, & Co., in which the spectrum of nitrogen was shown in an unsurpassable manner by means of the induction spark passed through a nitrogen vacuum. The collections of human relics and antiquities from the Trent Valley and from Heathy Burn Cave, near Stanhope, in Weardale, excited much interest. In the former was a human skull of very low type, and if the manner of the setting on of the head upon the vertebral column be correctly indicated by the plane of the Foramen magnum (the cavity in the skull in which the atlas or top vertebra fits) it approaches in this character more to the ape type of structure than the crania of any known race of man. The other collection contained bone and bronze relics, found associated with pottery and refuse of meals, under from four to eight inches of stalagmite. These articles belong to the latter part of the Bronze period, and are, at least, some 2,000 years old; with them were also human remains; the skulls exhibited marked and peculiar characters.

British Architects, 2nd June.—"On an *Aesthetic Principle in Decoration*," by Mr. John W. Papworth. The lecturer contended that there are certain and fixed principles in decoration, notwithstanding that individual opinions differ greatly, and that practice seems often guided by caprice. He argued that the two principles which had of late been put forward, viz.: that nature should be copied, and that the true principles of Pointed or Christian Architecture should be followed, were both fallacious? There was a danger of degrading art, if imitation were carried so far as to tend to deception, and the advice to "copy nature" is of little value, because it must be accompanied by so many restrictions. It was difficult to decide what is truth in art, and there is no sure guide in decoration except that which is obtained from a careful study of well executed examples.

Ethnological Society, 3rd June. J. Crawford, Esq., President, in the chair.—1. "On the Wild Tribes of the N.W. Coast of Borneo," by Spenser St. John, Esq. The aborigines scattered throughout the provinces on the N.W. coast of Borneo, the author considered, were all sections of the great Malay race, though designated by various appellations, such as the Land and Sea Dyaks, the Milanans, the Kargons, the Muruts, and the Bisayans. The two former, amongst whom the author had resided, formed especially the subject of the paper. The author considered that the Dyaks were not now rising for the first time in social position out of crude savagery, but betray unquestionable tokens of being in a state of decadence, in which fragments of a civilization long passed away are dimly discernible. 2. "Sketch of the Tribes of Northern Kurdistan," by William Spottiswoode, F.R.S. The population of Kurdistan consists of two distinct classes,—the Kurds proper, who are divided into various tribes or clans; and the peasant race, called Gurans. The clans monopolize the military and pastoral life, while the Gurans cultivate the soil. The principal tribes met with in the neighbourhood of the road between Erzerum and Tabriz are the Jelali, the Melanli, the Shakaki, and the Haideranli. These were all minutely described. The Kurdish language is a branch of the Iramian group, although now much intermixed with Turkish and Arabic words. As so little is known of the literature of Kurdistan the author gave a summary of a work by Ahmed Khan, of Bayazid, of the 16th century, a portion of which it is the custom of the Kurds to read at the conclusion of the daily lesson from the Koran. 3. Dr. Pike read a paper "On the Law of Growth, discovered by Dr. Liharzik."

## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

## LIST OF MEETINGS FOR NEXT WEEK.

## MONDAY.

GEOGRAPHICAL—Burlington House, Meeting postponed to 16th instant.

## TUESDAY.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—Albemarle-street, at 4 P.M. Rev. G. Butler, "On the Art of last Century."

ZOOLOGICAL—11, Hanover-square, at 9 P.M.

## WEDNESDAY.

ROYAL LITERATURE—St. Martin's-place, at 8½ P.M. "On Popal Vich; or, Books of the Ancient History of Guatemala." By W. Bollaert, Esq.

SOCIETY OF ARTS—John-street, Adelphi, at 8 P.M.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION—Sackville-street, at 8½ P.M. "On the Dow Mates." By Mr. T. Wright. "On Early Welsh Poems." By Mr. Vere Irving. "On Bronze and Bone Relics and Pottery from Heathy Burn Cave, near Stanhope, in Durham, associated with Human Remains and Bones of Animals." By Mr. S. J. Mackie.

## THURSDAY.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—Albemarle-street, at 3 P.M. Dr. Lyon Playfair, "On the Progress of Chemical Arts, 1851-1862."

## FRIDAY.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—Albemarle-street, at 8 P.M. "On Cuneiform Writing, and the Way to Read it." By Major-General Sir H. Rawlinson.

## SATURDAY.

ROYAL INSTITUTION—Albemarle-street, at 3 P.M. Dr. T. Anderson, "On Agricultural Chemistry."

## THE LONDON REVIEW,

## AND WEEKLY JOURNAL

OF POLITICS, LITERATURE, ART, AND SOCIETY.

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Mr. Palgrave's *Handbook*.

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## ADVERTISEMENTS.

## CRYSTAL PALACE—HANDEL MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Monday, June 23rd ..... Messiah.  
Wednesday, June 25th ..... Selection.  
Friday, June 27th ..... Israel in Egypt.

Commencing each day at One o'clock.

The Orchestra has been entirely roofed over, and will contain Four Thousand Performers.

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Tickets in Sets for the Three Days, for numbered Stalls, Five Guineas and Two and a Half Guineas. Single Day Stall, Two Guineas and One Guinea. Tickets in Sets for the Three

Days (not numbered but in blocks), Thirty Shillings. Single Day Ticket (not numbered), Half Guineas. Tickets for the North and South Naves each (if bought before each day) Five Shillings.

The Grand Full Rehearsal will take place on Saturday, June 21, commencing at Eleven o'clock. Admission on the Rehearsal Day, Half a Guinea; or by tickets bought two days previous, Seven Shillings and Sixpence. Reserved Seats in the Galleries only, Half a Crown each.

Tickets are issued according to priority of application, and may be had on remittance of the required amount to the Secretary of the Crystal Palace Company, Sydenham, or to the Secretary of the Sacred Harmonic Society, No. 2, Exeter Hall. All Orders payable to GEORGE GROVE.

A Pamphlet, with full details of the Handel Festival, and plans of Reserved Seats, and comparative plans of buildings used for Musical Festivals, may be had by application, personally, or by letter, at the Crystal Palace, and at Exeter Hall.

## HANDEL FESTIVAL—REHEARSAL.

Admission and Reserved Tickets, and Five Shilling Festival Admission Tickets, should be at once applied for.

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available till 30th April, 1863, One Guinea each, at the Crystal Palace, at Exeter Hall, and of the usual Agents.

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Mr. SIMS REEVES,

Have kindly consented to give their valuable services at a GRAND MORNING CONCERT, which will be given at St. James's Hall, Piccadilly, on WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18th, next, by the undermentioned Italian Artistes now in London, for the Establishment of Schools in Southern Italy, in answer to Garibaldi's Appeal to the Women of Italy:—

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Signor GERALDONI, Signor ARMANDI,  
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Signor CAMPANA, Signor LI CALSI,  
Signor ARDITI,  
Signor PIATTI.

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The Programme of the Concert will comprise a Duett by Madame GOLDSCHMIDT and Mr. SIMS REEVES;

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POLYTECHNIC—WHITSUN HOLIDAYS.—HERR SUSMAN will give his remarkable imitations of the Lark, the Nightingale, and other British Birds and Animals.—Re-engagement of GEORGE BUCKLAND, Esq., for his Buffo-Musical Entertainments.—Last Two Weeks of the Concerts of the BROUSIL FAMILY.—What I saw at the International Exhibition; or, Half-an-Hour's Advice to Intending Visitors, by Professor J. H. PEPPER, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at half-past twelve and a quarter-past seven.—New Gorgeous Scenic Optical and Prismatic Fountain Spectacle.—Beautiful Dissolving Views, illustrating London in Ancient and Modern Times—Paris as it is—The Holy Land—Wilson's Grand Panorama of Japan, daily at 1.30 and 5.30.—See weekly programme of 8 pages. Open from 12 to 5, and 7 to 10. Admission 1s.

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ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S GREAT SHOW, WEDNESDAY, June 11, at South Kensington. Open at One o'clock. Bands commence at Two o'clock. Admission, 7s. 6d. each, or by Tickets previously purchased, 5s. each, at the Garden; and of the principal Librarians, Music-sellers, &c. Visitors can pass under cover from the Exhibition or Garden Entrances to the Show.

ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S GREAT SHOW, JUNE 11th. The Garden will be open at One o'clock. Visitors cannot be admitted, either from the Exhibition to the Garden, or to the Exhibition through the Garden, before that hour.

## EXHIBITION OF HORTICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, GARDEN POTTERY, &amp;c., at the ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S GREAT SHOW, WEDNESDAY, June 11.

## ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY, REGENTS PARK.

THE EXHIBITION OF AMERICAN PLANTS will take place on MONDAY NEXT, JUNE 9th. Tickets to be obtained at the Gardens only, by vouchers from Fellows or Members of the Society, price 5s.; or on the Exhibition Day, 7s. 6d. each.

The BANDS at TWO o'clock.

The next GENERAL EXHIBITION OF PLANTS, FLOWERS, AND FRUIT, will take place on WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18th.

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—Notice is hereby given, that the NEXT HALF-YEARLY EXAMINATION for MATRICULATION in this UNIVERSITY will commence on MONDAY, the 7th of JULY, 1862. In addition to the Metropolitan Examination, Provincial Pass Examinations will be held at Stonyhurst College; Owen's College, Manchester; and Queen's College, Liverpool.

Every candidate is required to transmit his certificate of age to the Registrar (Burlington House, London, W.), at least fourteen days before the commencement of the examination.

WILLIAM B. CARPENTER, M.D., Registrar.

May 29, 1862.

## IMPERIAL HOTEL, Great Malvern.—The Public is respectfully informed that the IMPERIAL HOTEL will be OPENED in JULY NEXT, for the RECEPTION of VISITORS.

The tariff will be so arranged that families and gentlemen may engage suites of apartments or single rooms, at a fixed charge per day, including attendance, and may either take their meals privately or at the table d'hôte, public breakfast, tea, and supper.

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[June 7, 1862.]

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REPORT OF DIRECTORS, and Statement of Proceedings at the Ordinary Meeting of Proprietors, held on the 7th MAY, 1862.

LORD ARTHUR LENNOX, in the Chair.

The Report of the Directors, made in the Spring of last year, appealed to the Proprietors and others interested in the Office, to assist the Directors in making 1861 the most successful year of the Company's operations; and, notwithstanding the absence of general commercial prosperity throughout the country, the Directors are happy to say that in many respects the desired result of their appeal has been realized.

This year was, however, remarkable in the experience of this Office, as it is believed it was in that of other similar Institutions, for the number of lapsed Assurances, especially in those districts where industry has been impeded by the suspension of our commercial relations with America.

At the same time the business effected has been greater than at any former period, the New Premiums amounting to £6,055. 11s. 3d. Assuring £171,250 by the issue of 722 Policies.

The point, however, on which the Directors have most reason to congratulate the Proprietors is, that after a very careful and rigid investigation into the position and prospects of the Company, made in pursuance of the requirements of the Deed of Settlement, by Mr. PETER HARDY, the eminent Actuary, the result, as embodied in the following Report, is of the most satisfactory character.

"To the CHAIRMAN AND DIRECTORS OF THE SOVEREIGN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

"GENTLEMEN,—I have the honour to submit herewith a full statement of the result of the valuation, just completed, of the Assets and Liabilities of the Sovereign Life Assurance Company, up to or as of the 31st December, 1861.

"This investigation has been, on the present occasion, a work of considerable magnitude and labour, as the number of Policies actually in force exceeds 5,000, covering Assurances to over One Million Sterling, and embracing almost every class or description of Life Assurance.

"I am happy to be able to assure you that the condition of the Company is sound and prosperous, and holds out every prospect of increased success. The bonus, which the Directors may safely declare as the result of this valuation, is larger in amount, both as regards the shareholders and the assured, than that declared on any previous occasion; and this bonus has been fairly earned by the past operations of the Society, without in the smallest degree touching any portion of the future profits.

"The valuation has been made with the greatest care and exactness, and the reserve for the future is most ample for the purposes of safety, and quite sufficient, with care and management, to maintain hereafter a proportionately favourable rate of improvement.

"I have the honour to be,

"GENTLEMEN,

"Your very faithful servant,

(Signed) "PETER HARDY,

"Actuary.  
"April, 1862."

It may be remembered, that on the declaration of the last Bonus the Actuary strongly urged the propriety of postponing the Actual Division of Profits until the alternate triennial valuation; the prudence of which course, though it naturally occasioned disappointment in some few instances, is now apparent; and it is most gratifying to the Board, while reviewing the peculiar difficulties which those alone who are actively engaged in the business of Life Assurance know to have existed during the last six years, to present so favourable a Report, especially as it emanates from a gentleman of such high character and professional standing as Mr. HARDY.

Without in the smallest degree encroaching on future profits the addition sanctioned by this investigation will give to each Share a Bonus of 4s. 6d. or 9 per cent. on the paid-up capital, being three times the sum allotted on the last occasion, and 75 per cent. of the divisible Surplus will be added to all Policy-holders, assured at participating rates, on the 31st December last, in proportion to the premiums paid since the last Division.

The Circulars, announcing the allotment to individual Policies, will be issued as soon as practicable.

The Directors recommend that the usual Dividend of 5 per cent., free of Income-tax, be paid on the Capital for the half-year ending 31st December last.

The Directors retiring are LORD ARTHUR LENNOX; T. M. B. BATARD, Esq.; and JOHN GARDINER, Esq., who, being eligible, offer themselves for re-election.

(Signed) ARTHUR LENNOX, Chairman.

**UNITY FIRE AND LIFE ASSURANCE ASSOCIATIONS**, Unity-buildings, 8, Cannon-street, City.

The Shareholders of these Associations number about Five Thousand, representing subscribed capitals of nearly Two Millions.

United Annual Incomes, £130,000. Good bonus, liberal rates, and popular features. Loans to any amount in connection with Life Policies.

The Premium Incomes in 1861 exceeded those of 1860 by upwards of Thirty Thousand Pounds.

CORNELIUS WALFORD, Manager.

WATERLOO LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

**THIS COMPANY OFFERS THE SECURITY** of a Capital of £400,000. The last Bonus was in 1859, the next valuation will be in 1864.

Claims within the days of Grace paid by this Company.

IMMEDIATE AND DEFERRED ANNUITIES AND ENDOWMENTS.

New Premium Income for the year 1861, £9,173. 12s.

Policies granted against ACCIDENTS or DISEASE totally disabling the Assured, for a small extra premium.

Paid-up Policies granted after five Annual Payments.

Half Credit Premium system for five years.

Forms on application to the OFFICE, 355, Strand, London.

**A**TLANTIC AND GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY (New York Division) COUPONS, due 1st July next, will be paid in London at the Bank of London, or in New York at the banking house of Messrs. Duncan, Sherman, & Co.

London, No. 10, New Cannon-street, June 2, 1862.

CIRCULAR TO THE BONDHOLDERS OF THE ATLANTIC AND GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

NEW YORK DIVISION.—INTEREST AND SINKING FUND.

The Coupon for half-year's interest, due 1st July next, completes the series guaranteed by the Bank of London.

The nett income of the Atlantic and Great Western Railway being now greatly in excess of the amount required for these payments, the Directors have made an arrangement to continue the security of the Bondholders in a form which it is believed will give complete satisfaction.

The Directors have agreed to pay over to Messrs. Brown, Brothers, & Co., in New York, as agents for the trustees, to be remitted to London, the first receipts after each half-yearly period, in order to provide for the next maturing Coupons, and two per cent. per annum to be invested in the bonds in London, as a sinking fund, to complete the redemption of the whole issue at or before maturity. The bonus agreed to be paid by the Erie Company, on the gross amount of freight thrown on that line by the Atlantic and Great Western is especially devoted to these payments.

SAMUEL GURNEY, Esq., M.P. (Messrs. Overend, Gurney, & Co.),

JOHN P. KENNARD, Esq. (Messrs. Heywood & Co.),

CHARLES MOZLEY, Esq. (Messrs. J. Barnard & Co., Liverpool),

have agreed to act as trustees for this interest and sinking fund.

The Coupons will be paid at the banking-house of Messrs. Heywood, Kennard, & Co., at the fixed rate of 4s. the dollar, commencing with January, 1863.

Unity Buildings, Cannon-street West, E.C.,  
London, June 2, 1862.

**G**REAT NORTHERN RAILWAY. WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.

ORDINARY RETURN TICKETS by regular trains issued between the Stations where they may usually be obtained, on SATURDAY, 7th June, and intervening days, will be available for Return on any day up to, and including, Saturday, 14th June.

CHEAP EXCURSION TRAINS will leave London (King's-cross Station) as under:—

On SATURDAY, 7th June, at 8 a.m., returning only on Thursday, 12th June:—

Fares for the Double Journey.

First Closed Class. Car.

Peterborough 14s. 0d. 7s. 0d. Lincoln 14s. 0d. 7s. 0d.

Boston 14s. 0d. 7s. 0d. Louth 22s. 0d. 11s. 0d.

Hornceastle 14s. 0d. 7s. 0d. Grt. Grimsby 22s. 0d. 11s. 0d.

At 10:5 a.m., for—

Stamford 14s. 0d. 7s. 0d. Bourne 14s. 0d. 7s. 0d.

Also on SATURDAY, 7th June, returning on Thursday, 12th June, or Saturday, 14th June; on MONDAY, 9th June, returning on Thursday, 12th, or Saturday, 14th June; and on THURSDAY, 12th June, returning on Monday, 16th June, or Wednesday, 18th June, at 10:5 a.m., for the following Stations:—

Fares for the Double Journey.

First Closed Class. Car.

Grantham 14s. 0d. 7s. 0d. Huddersfield 21s. 0d. 12s. 6d.

Lincoln 14s. 0d. 7s. 0d. Manchester 21s. 0d. 12s. 6d.

Nottingham 14s. 0d. 7s. 0d. Liverpool 21s. 0d. 12s. 6d.

Barnsley 15s. 0d. 8s. 0d. Bradford 15s. 0d. 8s. 0d.

Sheffield 14s. 0d. 7s. 0d. Halifax 15s. 0d. 10s. 0d.

Doncaster 15s. 0d. 8s. 0d. York 20s. 0d. 10s. 0d.

Wakefield 15s. 0d. 8s. 0d. Hull, *rid Mil.* 20s. 0d. 10s. 0d.

Leeds 15s. 0d. 8s. 0d. *ford Junctn.* 25s. 0d. 12s. 6d.

And at 10:30 a.m., for the following Stations:—

Newark 14s. 0d. 7s. 0d. Bradford 15s. 0d. 8s. 0d.

Sheffield 14s. 0d. 7s. 0d. Halifax 15s. 0d. 10s. 0d.

Doncaster 15s. 0d. 8s. 0d. York 20s. 0d. 10s. 0d.

Wakefield 15s. 0d. 8s. 0d. Hull, *rid Mil.* 20s. 0d. 10s. 0d.

Leeds 15s. 0d. 8s. 0d. *ford Junctn.* 25s. 0d. 12s. 6d.

Further particulars given in Bills, which can be obtained at King's-cross and other principal Stations; or at any of the Company's Receiving Offices in London.

Tickets may be obtained on the two previous days to the running of each Train at King's-cross Station; and at the Bull and Mouth, Angel-street, St. Martin's-le-Grand; No. 32, Regent-circus; and 264, Holborn; also on the morning of the running of each Train at King's-cross Station only.

Excursion Trains will run to London on the 7th, 9th, and 12th June, returning on the 12th, 14th, and 16th June.

SEYMONR CLARKE, General Manager.

London, King's-cross Station, May 19th, 1862.

**G**REAT NORTHERN RAILWAY. INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

ORDINARY FIRST and SECOND-CLASS RETURN TICKETS to LONDON available for SEVEN DAYS, including the day of issue and day of return, will be issued from Hatfield, and all stations north thereof, where they may usually be obtained, by all trains on and from the 31st May to the close of the Exhibition.

For particulars of Excursion Trains see Handbills, to be obtained at the Stations.

SEYMONR CLARKE, General Manager.  
London, King's Cross Station, June, 1862.

**G**REAT NORTHERN RAILWAY. TOURIST TICKETS, at Cheap Fares, available for one calendar month, are issued from King's-cross, and other principal stations.

To EDINBURGH, Glasgow, Stirling, Dunkeld, Perth, Dundee, Forfar, Brechin, Montrose, Arbroath, and Aberdeen; and also

To SCARBOROUGH, Whitby, Redcar, Filey, Bridlington, Withernsea, Harrogate, and the Isle of Man.

For further particulars see Programmes, to be obtained at King's-cross Station, at all the Receiving-offices in London, and at the stations in the country.

SEYMONR CLARKE, General Manager.  
London, King's-cross Station, June, 1862.

**G**LENFIELD PATENT STARCH, used in the Royal Laundry, and pronounced by Her Majesty's Laundress to be the finest Starch she ever used.—Sold by all Chandlers, Grocers, &c. &c.

WOTHERSPOON & CO., Glasgow and London.

**F**URNITURE CARRIAGE FREE TO ANY PART OF THE KINGDOM.—P. and S. BEYFUS FURNISH A DRAWING-ROOM for £35, a DINING-ROOM for £28, and a BEST BED-ROOM for £26.

These goods are well finished, and in every way suitable for moderate-sized houses.

PERSONS FURNISHING should visit the Warehouses, and inspect the large stock always on hand.

REFERENCES ARE KINDLY PERMITTED TO FORMER CUSTOMERS. Illustrated Catalogues gratis and post free.

144, OXFORD STREET, and 91 to 95, CITY ROAD.

**F**ENDERS, STOVES, FIRE-IRONS, and CHIMNEY-PIECES.—Buyers of the above are requested, before finally deciding, to visit WILLIAM S. BURTON'S SHOW-ROOMS. They contain such an assortment of Fenders, Stoves, Ranges, Chimney-pieces, Fire-irons, and General Ironmongery as cannot be approached elsewhere, either for variety, novelty, beauty of design, or exquisiteness of workmanship. Bright stoves, with ormolu ornaments, 3L. 15s. to 33L. 10s.; Bronzed Fenders, with standards, 7s. to 5L. 12s.; Steel Fenders, 3L. 3s. to 11L.; ditto, with rich ormolu ornaments, from 3L. 3s. to 18L.; Chimney-pieces, from 1L. 8s

LADIES' LIGHT WATERPROOF SCOTCH AND SHETLAND CLOAKS in all the new colours and fabrics for the present season, also in the warmest Highland Hand-loom Fur Tweeds for cold countries and sea voyages. LADIES' WATERPROOF JACKETS, particularly adapted for Driving, Riding, and Yachting, in the most fashionable and useful shapes. WATERPROOF LINSEY WOOLSEY DRESSES and PETTICOATS for the present and Winter Seasons. GENTLEMEN'S WATERPROOF SHOOTING, FISHING, and DRIVING CLOAKS, OVERCOATS, and JACKETS. SHETLAND and SCOTCH TWEEDS in the natural, undyed Wools, and all the Heathers, Granites, Stone, Lovats, Bowater, Balmoral, Coigah, and other well-known mixed colours and patterns. Also, GENTLEMEN'S SCOTCH MAUDS, 28s. 6d. each, sufficient in each to make the Suit in the above colours for Shooting, Fishing, &c.

SCOTT ADIE,  
115 AND 115A, REGENT-STREET.  
ENTRANCE AT CORNER OF VIGO-STREET.

GUSH AND FERGUSON'S  
CELEBRATED  
CARTES DE VISITE, OR ALBUM PORTRAITS.  
TWENTY-FOUR FOR ONE GUINEA.  
GALLERY, 179, REGENT-STREET, W.

INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, CLASS XXXI, No. 6,105.

HOBBS'S CHANGEABLE KEY BANK LOCK,  
Price £10 and upwards.

HOBBS'S PATENT PROTECTOR LOCKS,  
8s. and upwards.

HOBBS'S MACHINE-MADE LEVER LOCKS,  
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The Machine-made Locks are adapted for every purpose for which Locks are required at prices that defy competition.

Illustrated Lists of Locks, Iron Safes, and Doors, Cash Boxes, &c., sent free on application to  
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FOR REMOVING AND PREVENTING  
INCROSTATION IN STEAM BOILERS,  
LAND AND MARINE.

P. S. EASTON AND G. SPRINGFIELD,  
PATENTEES AND SOLE MANUFACTURERS,

37, 38, & 39, WAPPING WALL, LONDON, E.

CHINA, GLASS, AND EARTHENWARE,  
34, Old Bond-street.—The whole of the Stock of the late THOMAS COURTNEY, consisting of Breakfast, Dinner, Tea, Dessert, and Chamber Services, Table-glass, and Ornaments. To be absolutely sold at a great sacrifice.

VINTAGE WINE COMPANY.  
IMPORTERS OF SPANISH WINES.

Best wine at the price ever imported.  
Xeres Comida Sherry, 18s. and 20s. per dozen.  
Pure, sound, and palatable. See 300 opinions of the press.

Samples for 1s. 6d.

VINTAGE WINE COMPANY,  
14, Bloomsbury-street, London.

CHOICE PORT OF 1858 VINTAGE—THE COMET YEAR.

HEDGES & BUTLER have imported a large quantity of this valuable Wine, respecting which it is the general opinion that it will equal the celebrated comet year of 1811. It is increasing in value, and the time must soon arrive when Port of this distinguished vintage will be at double its present price. Messrs. Hedges & Butler are now offering it at 36s., 42s., and 48s. per dozen.

Pure sound Claret, with considerable flavour,

24s. and 30s. per dozen.

Superior Claret ..... 36s. 42s. 48s. 60s. 72s. "

Good Dinner Sherry ..... 24s. 30s. "

Superior Pale, Golden, or Brown

Sherry ..... 36s. 42s. 48s. "

Port, from first-class Shippers, 36s. 42s. 48s. 60s. "

Hock and Moselle ... 30s. 36s. 48s. 60s. to 120s. "

Sparkling ditto ..... 60s. 66s. 78s. "

Sparkling Champagne ... 42s. 48s. 60s. 66s. 78s. "

Fine old Sack, rare White Port, Imperial Tokay, Malmsey, Frontignac, Constantia, Vermuth, and other rare Wines.

Fine Old Pale Cognac Brandy, 60s. and 72s. per dozen.

On receipt of a Post-office Order or reference, any quantity, with a priced List of all other Wines, will be forwarded immediately by

HEDGES & BUTLER,  
London, 155, Regent-Street, W.  
Brighton, 30, King's-road,  
(Originally established A.D. 1667.)

#### IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

JOSEPH GILLOTT,  
METALLIC PEN MAKER TO THE QUEEN,

BEGS to inform the Commercial World, Scholastic Institutions, and the Public generally, that, by a novel application of his unrivalled Machinery for making Steel Pens, he has introduced a NEW SERIES of his useful productions which, for EXCELLENCE OF TEMPER, QUALITY OF MATERIAL, and above all, CHEAPNESS IN PRICE, must ensure universal approbation, and defy competition.

Each Pen bears the impress of his name as a guarantee of quality; they are put up in Boxes containing one gross each, with label outside, and a fac-simile of his signature.

At the request of numerous persons engaged in tuition, J.G. has introduced his WARRANTED SCHOOL and PUBLIC PENS, which are especially adapted to their use, being of different degrees of flexibility, and with fine, medium, and broad points, suitable for the various kinds of Writing taught in Schools.

Sold Retail by all Stationers and Booksellers. Merchants and Wholesale Dealers can be supplied at the Works, Graham-street, Birmingham; at 91, John-street, New York; and at 37, Gracechurch-street, London.

REVOLVING SAFETY SHUTTERS FOR PRIVATE HOUSES, defying the burglar to open them, at greatly reduced prices; manufactured in one sheet of steel, at 3s. 6d. per foot, super.; in iron, 3s. per foot.

The Builder says,—“Messrs. Clark & Co., of 15, Gate-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, have recently introduced a New Self-coiling Revolving Shutter, for which they have obtained Royal Letters Patent, which, in addition to being one-half the expense, has the advantage of being remarkably simple, and consequently less liable to get out of order. All the complicated gearing apparatus is dispensed with; there are neither wheels, shafts, rollers, cords, nor weights to become deranged.

“We are disposed to think they will be largely used, both for shop-fronts and private houses. Much of the difficulty now often found in providing shutters for large bow windows may be obviated by their use without extra cost.”

Prospectuses, with full-sized sections, sent post free, with numerous testimonials.

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RIDDELL'S PATENT SLOW-COMBUSTION COTTAGE BOILER, for Heating Conservatories Entrance Halls, Baths, &c., by the circulation of hot water. Requires no brickwork setting, will keep in action from twelve to eighteen hours without attention, at the expense of about threepence per day; is perfectly safe, requires no additional building, and may be seen in operation daily at the

PATENTEE'S WAREHOUSE,  
135, CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.

Price complete, from £3. 10s.

Illustrated Prospectus free, and Estimates prepared for erecting Hot Water Apparatus of any magnitude.

WHITE AND SOUND TEETH are indispensable to personal attraction, and to health and longevity by the proper mastication of food.

ROWLANDS' ODONTO,  
or Pearl Dentifrice,

preserves and imparts a pearl-like whiteness to the Teeth, eradicates Tartar and Spots of Incipient Decay, strengthens the Gums, and gives a delicate fragrance to the Breath. Price 2s. 9d. per box. Sold at 20, Hatton-garden, and by Chemists and Perfumers.

Ask for “ROWLANDS' ODONTO.”

DINNEFORD'S PURE FLUID MAGNESIA has been, during twenty-five years, emphatically sanctioned by the medical profession, and universally accepted by the public, as the best remedy for acidity of the stomach, heartburn, headache, gout, and indigestion, and as a mild aperient for delicate constitutions, more especially for ladies and children. It is prepared, in a state of perfect purity and uniform strength, only by DINNEFORD & CO., 172, New Bond-street, London; and sold by all respectable Chemists throughout the world.

NO MORE MEDICINE.—We find DU BARRY'S FOOD the safest remedy for chronic constipation, indigestion (dyspepsia), consumption, diarrhoea, all gastric disorders, acidity, heartburn, palpitation, irritability, sleeplessness, distension, flatulence, phlegm, coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis, dysentery, nervous, bilious, and liver disorders, debility, scrofula, atrophy. — Andrew Ure, M.D., F.R.S., Dr. Harvey, Dr. Shorland, Dr. Campbell, Dr. Rud. Wurzer. It saves 50 times its cost in other remedies. In tins, at 1s. 1d.; 1lb., 2s. 9d.; 12lb., 22s.—Barry Du Barry & Co., 77, Regent-street, London; Fortnum & Mason; and at 61, Gracechurch-street; 4, Cheapside; No. 63 and 159, Oxford-street; 330, Strand; 5, Charing-cross; 54, Baker-street; and all grocers and chymists.

COUGHS, COLDS, CONSUMPTION ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, NEURALGIA, RHEUMATISM, &c. are instantly relieved by Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE. In consequence of the extraordinary efficacy of this remedy, several unprincipled parties have been induced to vend imitations. Never purchase Chlorodyne except in sealed bottles having the Government stamp, with the words “Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne” engraved thereon. A whole sheet of medical testimonials accompany each bottle.

Sole Manufacturer, J. T. DAVENPORT, 33, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, London.

Price in bottles, 2s. 9d. and 4s. 6d., carriage free.

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(Knight of the Order of Leopold of Belgium)

LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL, prescribed by the most eminent Medical Men as the safest, speediest, and most effectual remedy for CONSUMPTION, CHRONIC BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, COUGHS, RHEUMATISM, GENERAL DEBILITY, DISEASES OF THE SKIN, RICKETS, INFANTILE WASTING, AND ALL SCROFULOUS AFFECTIONS, Is incomparably superior to every other kind.

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“I consider Dr. De Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil to be a very pure Oil, not likely to create disgust, and a therapeutic agent of great value.”

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Scientific Superintendent, South Kensington Museum.

“I consider the Cod Liver Oil sold under Dr. De Jongh's guarantee to be preferable to any other kind as regards genuineness and medicinal efficacy.”

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Author of the “Spas of Germany.”

“Dr. Granville has found that Dr. De Jongh's Light-Brown Cod Liver Oil produces the desired effect in a shorter time than other kinds, and that it does not cause the nausea and indigestion too often consequent on the administration of the Pale Oil.”

Dr. LAWRENCE,

Physician to H.R.H. the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

“I invariably prescribe Dr. De Jongh's Cod Liver Oil in preference to any other, feeling assured that I am recommending a genuine article, AND NOT A MANUFACTURED COMPOUND IN WHICH THE EFFICACY OF THIS INVALUABLE MEDICINE IS DESTROYED.”

Dr. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL is sold only in IMPERIAL Half-pints, 2s. 6d.; Pints, 4s. 9d.; Quarts, 9s.; capsuled, and labelled with his stamp and signature, WITHOUT WHICH NONE CAN POSSIBLY BE GENUINE, by respectable Chemists and Druggists.

SOLE CONSIGNERS:

ANSAR, HARFORD, & CO., 77, Strand, London, W.C.

CAUTION.—Beware of Proposed Substitutions.

[June 7, 1862.]

**COLLARD AND COLLARD'S NEW WEST-END ESTABLISHMENT, 16, GROSVENOR-STREET, BOND-STREET,** where all communications are to be addressed. PIANOFORTES of all Classes for Sale and Hire.—City Branch, 26, Cheapside, E.C.

**THE NEW PATENT DOUBLE-REFLECTING EAR TRUMPET.**

By JOHN MARSHALL, Esq., F.R.S.  
ELLIOTT, BROTHERS, 30, Strand, London.

**THE LEISURE HOUR**, No. 545, for June 7th, Price ONE PENNY, contains:—Captain Stauncey's Vow: Chaps. III. and IV. Illustrated by John Gilbert.—Bettws-y-Coed and its Artist Life. Part II.—Sea Serpent Stories. By John Hollingshead. Malvern Donkeys. By Cuthbert Bede. The Earth Weighed in Harton Coal Pit. By Edwin Dunkin, F.R.A.S. Original Fables.

London: 56, Paternoster-row; and all Booksellers.

**THE SUNDAY AT HOME**, No. 423, for June 7th, Price ONE PENNY, contains:—The Buried Bible. — Thomas Gajetan Ragland, a Missionary Biography. Part I.—The Diet of Spire, with Portraits of the Reformers. —From Dawn to Dark in Italy:—Tale of the Reformation in the Sixteenth Century: Chap. XLIV.—The Coal Pit's Mouth. —PULPIT IN THE FAMILY: The Day of Pentecost.—PAGES FOR THE YOUNG: Ellen Vincent, or Dawnings of the New Life: Chap. VI. Scripture Enigmas, &c.

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY, 56, Paternoster-row; and sold by all Booksellers.

Next week will be published, in crown 8vo., price 2s. cloth, **THE POPE AND HIS PATRON:** a Political Burlesque.

By the Author of "Horace at Athens."

London: LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN, & ROBERTS.

This Day, Foolscap Octavo, Third Edition, price 7s. 6d. **THE ANGEL IN THE HOUSE.** By COVENTRY PATMORE.

By the same Author,

**FAITHFUL FOR EVER.** Foolscap Octavo, 6s. London: PARKER, SON, & BOURN, West Strand.

Fourth Edition, 3s.

**ENGLISH SYNONYMS.** Edited by R. WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. London: PARKER, SON, & BOURN, West Strand.

Fifth Edition, 8vo., 10s. 6d.

**BACON'S ESSAYS**, with Annotations. By RICHARD WHATELY, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. London: PARKER, SON, & BOURN, West Strand.

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T. RICHARDS, 37, Great Queen-street.

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NEW WORKS.

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